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# THE NEW REPUBLIC

April 15, 1978

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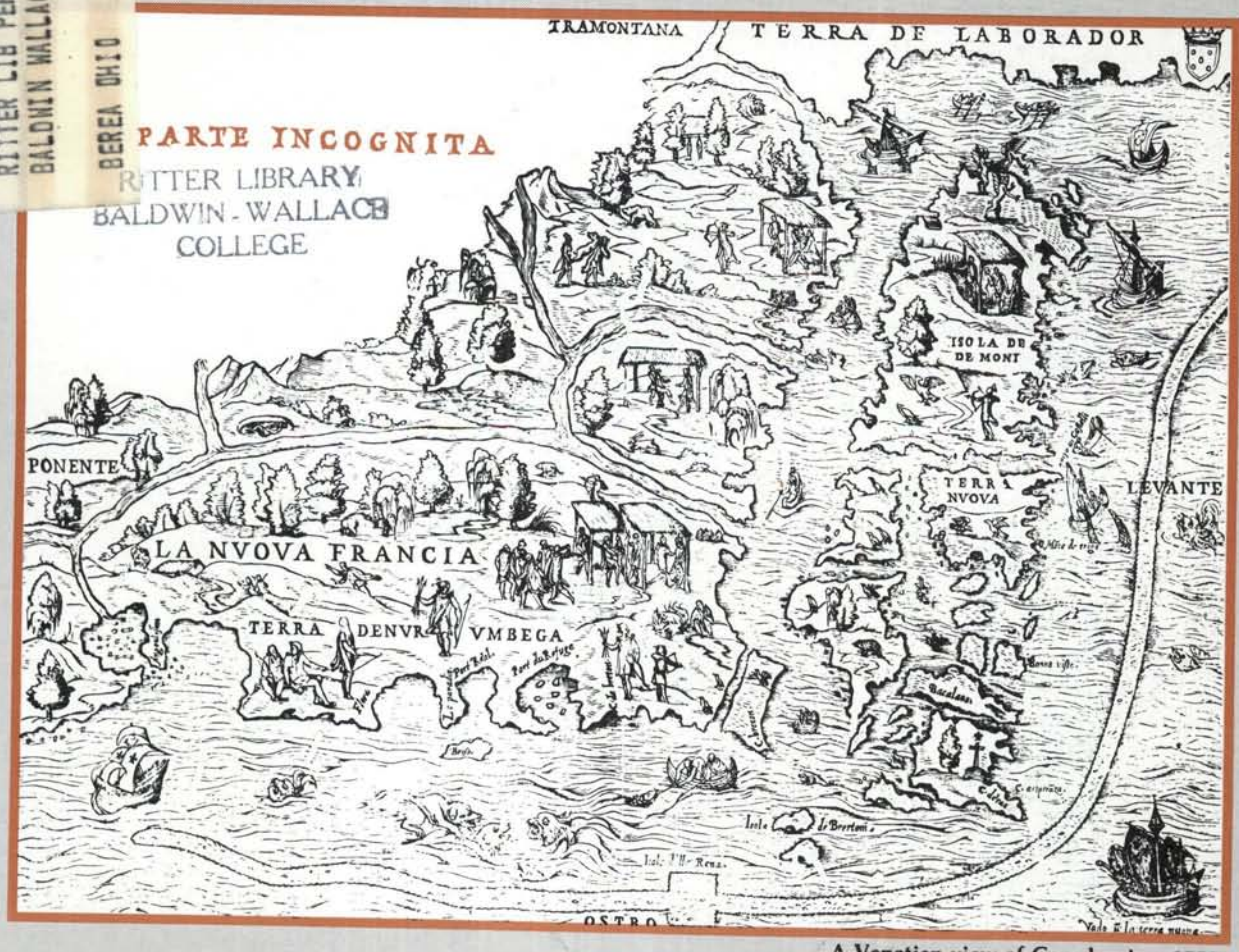
## Power of Positive Thinking

*rton Kondracke on the Psychological Missile Gap*



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A Venetian view of Canada, circa 1550

*Letteratura Incognita*—Canadian Writing

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# TRB

from Washington ®
April 15, 1978

## Toot Toot

Where have they gone, the old trains, the Twentieth Century Limited, the Lark, the Chief, the Cannon Ball Express? They have gone and, instead of them, we have crashes and derailments, phosphorous leakage here, tank-car explosion there, bad couplings, brittle wheels and worn-out roadbeds. What happened, who's at fault, why don't we do something?

Maybe the story is best told in a couple of scenes from the past; what happened is part of the pageant of America. Begin with a girl in pigtails and bare feet (who happens to be my mother) more than a century ago, waiting at the new tracks of South Lee, New Hampshire, for what is going to happen. The tracks have been cut across Pa's lower pasture and the new gothic depot has gone up, and the water tower with its swivel funnel, and the semaphor signal pole. Everybody up and down the Mast Road to Nottingham, and as far away as Durham, has turned out and their buggies and wagons and even a dump cart are tethered to the Pipers' fence, with the horses stamping as though it were Sunday at the meeting house.

There it comes. Round the bend from Epping. The first train. Susie can hardly bear it. She is a tall girl; she tries not to jump up and down. Here the monster comes pounding down the silver rails, nearer and nearer, with a great blast from the whistle, steam gushing from either side—the engine, a tender, a baggage-and-milk car, and a passenger car. (No caboose; that is for freight trains.) The horses snort and paw and shake their heads; the bell rings, the train slows, stops. The conductor in uniform (it is Chesley Wiggen) hails Sarah Haley the ticket agent. And then it is off again, gathering speed, bound for Portsmouth. And another strand of the cobweb of rails that is uniting America after the Civil War is complete.

That's one vignette—another in a minute. Coal is king. By 1907 coal provides 78 percent of the country's energy needs, including a quarter of it for the railroads. At the end of World War I the country has reached the peak of its appetite for coal, 651 million tons, and it has perhaps the best overall railroad service in the world.

Now comes the pretender—oil. The US has unlimited amounts. Henry Ford produces his universal angular Model T, seven feet tall, and the use of oil grows everywhere—cleaner, more versatile, easier to handle than coal. The airplane comes. The government pays big subsidies for air beacons and airports; on the ground cement highways are networking across America. So now here's scene two of our picture show—just about a hundred years after Susie watched that monster tearing down the tracks in South Lee.

I saw this second scene myself: Route 40, Interstate, year 1964. First came the bridges and red-painted girders over brooks and then the giant earth-movers that marked the landscape like a branding iron. Monster engines gouge, chew, scour the landscape. Bridges and red-painted girders go over brooks. Day by day the airplane pilot looks down at the big brown welt creeping across the country: these markings will endure and a thousand years hence a stranger will say, grudgingly, "At least those Americans built their roads for keeps."

It happened all over the country. The first cost estimate was about $41 billion, and it started in 1956, the new Interstate Highway System, adding about 40,000 miles of super-highway. It was supposed to be finished in 1972. Impatient towns saw the story repeated: the clean white highway pushed forward to signs "Construction Ahead," "Route 40 ends in one mile," "Turn off Here," and finally, cheerfully, "Your Tax Dollars at Work." One day a mayor makes a speech, a ribbon is snipped, the high school band plays and a new section is opened (say seven and a half miles). America flows into it and absorbs it. Time has shrunk another quarter hour.

That's what's happened to your Cannon Ball Express. Gasoline at 30 cents a gallon, tires at $15, motels along the way, big wasteful cars and these beautiful new roads: only an American can properly appreciate their loveliness. One has a sense of foreboding. Is an era ending?

Yes, I guess the era is ending, and with it the greatest cheap-energy joy ride in history. It's not merely the subsidized super-highways. Pilot lights in kitchen stoves often consume a third of all the gas used annually in an average gas range. I write this from an old roll-top desk that seems quaintly old fashioned, but it sits in a sealed glass air-conditioned modern building that is already more obsolescent than the desk, now that the price of oil has quadrupled. There isn't a window in the place that opens. Think of the energy that could be saved by just throwing open a window on a mild day. Some little man somewhere decides how much heat, or cold, or oxygen, I get. A glass-and-steel skyscraper with "environmental control" equals the energy need of a town of 100,000.

An eight-man Senate subcommittee headed by John Heinz of Pennsylvania says the railroad beds of America represent a national hazard. Another hearing here last week by the National Transportation Safety Board says that rail tank cars are perilously out of date. You can hardly pick up a paper without reading about a wreck. Two and a half billion dollars worth of track maintenance have been postponed for lack of funds; says Heinz—over 44,000 miles are on "slow orders" because of poor roadbeds and accidents have been steadily rising.

The branch of the Boston & Maine Railroad that Susie watched open in New Hampshire years ago has long since been paved over and is a state highway now named for a governor. (On a dark night you can still hear the ghost of the Bar Harbor Express rumbling through with two long toots and two short ones for the South Lee crossing.) But there's no reason that the era of crack rail express trains shouldn't be revived; they have them abroad. The torpedo-nosed "Bullet Express" travels from Osaka to Tokyo (round Fujiyama) 320 miles with two stops in about three hours. It's so smooth your tea doesn't spill, and the loudspeaker at the end thanks you for coming (in three languages) with a cheerful fanfare. A US Highway Trust Fund for railroads would revive economical fast passenger travel. I can see some future Susie breathlessly watching the new tracked, air-cushioned, Cannonball, rushing past to Chicago at 300 mph.



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# Correspondence

## TRB at eighty

*To the editors:*

"TRB at Eighty," (*TNR*, Mar. 18) interests me as an observer of our native press malaise in that once again I see the consummate double standardism that prevails in so much of our inked and electronic modes of communication.

You say Dick Strout saw the "human beings, the farmers, the workers, the blacks, the women . . ." within "dull statistics." That's a crock. Like so many pressies Strout is committed to his own version of ivory tower hypocrisy. Example: Strout's incredibly uninformed columns for the *Christian Science Monitor* (by and large a paper of admirable format) on so-called gun control are egregious for their know-nothingness. Gun control is the brainchild of white liberals who can flee nightly to the sanctuary of high rise security, while the blacks and women and elderly residents of inner cities have but Mr. Strout's clevout dogoodery and ignorance of history to protect themselves. The attempt at another Volstead Act—this time with handguns, not booze, as the cause of *all* human suffering—is the most blatant racist, sexist, anti-poor gambit to date, and reflects just how far out of touch most of you on the New York-to-Washington Axis are from what obtains.

George Kennan has it: "I do not trust human beings to live too far from nature." Millions don't trust the politicized urban press (with notable exceptions now and then) for much of anything these days. That probably doesn't bother any of you one iota.

*Roy E. Traband*
*Albuquerque, New Mexico*

*To the editors:*

I join your many readers in adding my congratulations to your stalwart grey eminence, Richard L. Strout, for his many years of thoughtful, incisive, and intelligent analysis of the many issues worthy of our attention. May he continue for many more years as the writer of the TRB column.

Coincidentally, I spent my childhood in Brooklyn, and had occasion to ride the Brighton Beach line of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit; hence, when I wanted to remember the title of Mr. Strout's column for my friends, I learned to say BRT backwards.

*J.E. Prisin-Zano*
*San Francisco, California*

## Civil Service reform

*To the editors:*

"Civil Service Reform" (*TNR*, Mar. 18) strings together the same cliches and jargon about the Civil Service that right-wingers and know-nothings have been yapping for generations. It reflects zero understanding of the federal government and its ills.

Granted that the federal government is overblown, inefficient, and whatever further pejoratives you care to apply. But the Civil Service system has almost nothing to do with this. It is a symptom, not a cause. The "dynamic risk-takers" you'd like to see in federal posts don't last. Many have been attracted by public service. They soon learn that the Congress, General Accounting Office, Office of Management and Budget, General Services Administration, Civil Service Commission, have long combined to assure that no risks shall be taken.

Some, it's true, give in, settle down and live with it. Many leave government. Some hop from one new agency to another, because in the early days there is still hope and expectation. A few become master bureaucrats, learn to use the system, patiently generating the stacks of paperwork even simple actions require.

The Carter reforms would make it easier to fire the girl who barely passed her clerk-typist exam and excels only in creative filing. It would also make it easier to fire the "dynamic risk-takers" who violate established rules and procedures. I have served hitches with a number of federal agencies, though most of my working years have been in private industry. In my view, the civil servant is no more and no less able than his private-industry counterpart. His job security is no greater than that established by union contracts. The maximum Civil Service salary is well below industry executive levels. If Civil Service reform won't help—and I suspect it would, if anything, make matters worse, making it easier to enforce conformity—what would? A pervasive disease of the federal government system is lack of accountability. When cases of gross malfeasance, waste, corruption, abuse of power, and favoritism are uncovered, it is almost invariably by outsiders, the responsible top administrators resisting disclosure, issuing denials. Once the press loses interest, as it soon does, matters return to normal.

I regret that *TNR* has joined in the diversionary game of blaming the ills of government on the GS-3 clerk-typist and the defeated risk-taker. The Carter reforms will certainly make it easier for political appointees to intimidate career executives and to fire the secretary who can't find "prioritize" in the dictionary. The reforms will certainly not touch the causes of governmental inefficiency.

*John Perry*
*Bethesda, Maryland*

## School's out

*To the editors:*

*TNR* is to be commended for its stand against the Packwood-Moynihan tuition tax credit plan. The title of your editorial ("Kissing Off the Public Schools," *TNR*, Mar. 25) accurately describes the effect the bill would have. It could mean the demise of the public school system as we know it. With a price tag of up to nine billion dollars (up to $500 per student for five million lower school students and 13 million college and vocational students) the legislation would fund exclusive, religiously, economically and racially selective non-public which educate only 10 percent of the students in this country. Meanwhile, the public schools, which educate 90 percent of the students, are left to wither on the vine.

In short this bill would give $500 bonuses for abandoning the public schools at a critical time when more funds are needed, not less. The Supreme Court saw the flaws in this idea when it ruled unconstitutional similar state legislation in New York in *Committee for Public Education and Religious Liberty* v. *Nyquist*.

Tuition tax credits are merely subterfuges for what are really tuition payments from the federal treasury. Refunds go to parents and students whether or not they even pay federal taxes. HEW Secretary Joseph A. Califano testified recently before the

*(continued on page 31)*



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*Cover: Detail from Gastaldi's map of Canada (circa 1550). Courtesy of The Bettmann Archive. See book reviews on pages 22-29.*

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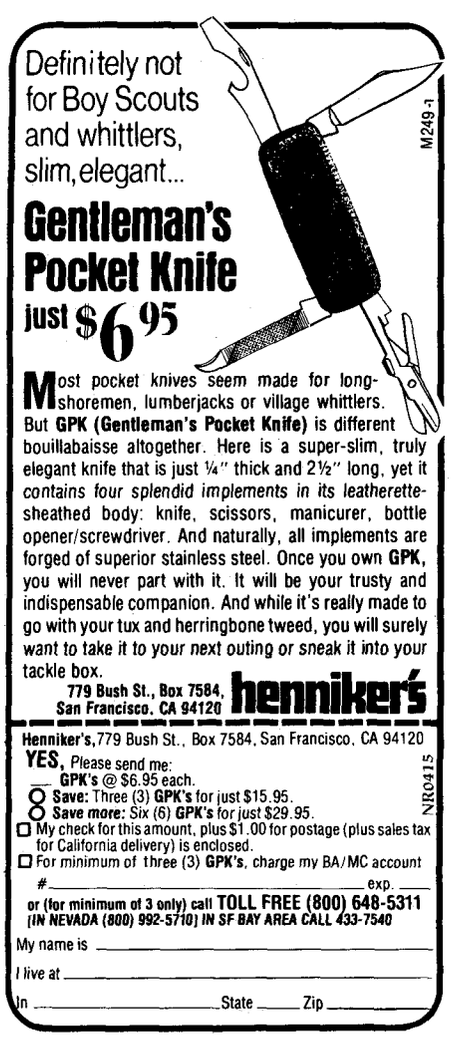
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Most pocket knives seem made for longshoremen, lumberjacks or village whittlers. But GPK (Gentleman's Pocket Knife) is different bouillabaisse altogether. Here is a super-slim, truly elegant knife that is just ¼" thick and 2½" long, yet it contains four splendid implements in its leatherette-sheathed body: knife, scissors, manicurer, bottle opener/screwdriver. And naturally, all implements are forged of superior stainless steel. Once you own GPK, you will never part with it. It will be your trusty and indispensable companion. And while it's really made to go with your tux and herringbone tweed, you will surely want to take it to your next outing or sneak it into your tackle box.
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THE NEW REPUBLIC

April 15, 1978

# Social Security Redux

Four months ago, Congress reached an agonized decision about the Social Security system. The trust funds that pay for retirement pensions, payments to people who become disabled and Medicare—the three services Social Security finances—were headed for bankruptcy unless something were done to bail them out. Congress had three alternatives. It could vote to cut back benefits. That option was immediately put aside as being too harsh. It could appropriate general funds from the Treasury to make up the deficit. That was rejected as being spendthrift. In the event, Congress took the third and moderately hard choice. It decided to increase Social Security taxes. This solution did not meet the long-term administrative problems that make Medicare and disability so costly, but it did remove the threat of bankruptcy. The tax increase was scheduled to take effect after the election, in January 1979.

No sooner was the decision made than the complaints began pouring in. The angry letters have grown angrier and more numerous with every passing week. A Social Security tax increase that appeared in paychecks after January 1 didn't cool anyone off, even though it actually was part of an earlier revision enacted several years ago. Many congressmen who voted for the tax increase now wish they hadn't. At least half a dozen bills containing schemes to lower the tax have been introduced in the House. The House Budget Committee and the Democratic Caucus both voted last week to rescind the tax increase. President Carter's general tax cut bill, which comes up this month, probably will be used as the vehicle.

This is an election year, and the rush to give back the tax voted last winter is a bit unseemly. A similar stampede erupted in the Senate this spring over the farm bill. In 1977, Congress passed a new law designed to guide agricultural policy for the rest of the decade. It was regarded as a massive accomplishment at the time. Now, under intense pressure from the farm lobby, Congress has rewritten the policy in a few quick strokes and offered to give the farmers much larger subsidies than were contained in the 1977 bill. The spectacle does not inspire confidence.

Unlike the farm bill, the Social Security plan voted last year *does* need revision. However, we wonder whether Congress, in its pre-election jitters, is prepared to vote for the prudent and constructive changes that would make the law more sensible and progressive. There will be a temptation to cut and slash with abandon, removing the good work done last year along with the bad. That should not be allowed to happen.

One reason last year's bill caused such a stir was that it increased both the rate of taxation and the wage base on which taxes are computed. The rate will go up from 6.05 percent to 6.13 percent, and taxable salary base will go from a maximum of $18,900 to a maximum of $22,900 in 1979, with large jumps to follow in succeeding years. Many of the people complaining most loudly are those who will feel the tax bite next year because they earn more than $18,900. Several of the tax cut bills were written specifically with these people in mind, and would take funds from the Treasury or elsewhere to reduce the burden on these afflicted middle-class employees. This remedy, we think, would be precisely the wrong approach. If the wage base is meddled with at all, it should be amended to reach even higher into the high-bracket incomes. The wealthy man earning $100,000 a year should pay the same percentage of his income into the Social Security fund as the poor man earning $5000 a year. The wage base should not be narrowed to focus the heaviest burden on



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the lowliest workers. Any reduction that Congress sees fit to make should be applied to the *rate* of taxation. This would insure that the relief would be equitably distributed across all categories of income.

Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal told a subcommittee of the Senate Finance Committee on April 5 that he and the President would prefer to leave the Social Security tax untouched this year. They are worried that, in its haste to please the voters, Congress may do something to damage the integrity of the system. The senators were sympathetic to Blumenthal's plea, but unmoved. Senator Gaylord Nelson, one of the sponsors of a tax cut proposal, offered to withdraw his bill and replace it with another one that would simply postpone the tax increase for three years while Congress decides what to do. But even Nelson's moratorium would require the Treasury to subsidize Social Security for three years. Blumenthal rejected the plan.

We preferred Nelson's original bill (sponsored in the House by Abner Mikva), which would lower the Social Security tax rate by removing Medicare from the system and financing it instead with general revenues. Medicare costs are the most rapidly rising segment of the Social Security budget. The cost controls on Medicare are very weak, and there is no sign that they will soon be made stronger. Medicare is the sick element of Social Security, and through its bankruptcy it is destroying the health of the pension system. It ought to be financed with general tax revenues because it is a broad and generous program available to anyone over age 65. Why should such an expensive public service be paid for by a flat-rate tax on the wages of private-sector employees? Income from investments is exempt. Salaries of government employees are exempt. Wages over $18,900 are exempt. It makes no sense. We have an arrangement that at least attempts to insure that all citizens contribute a fair share toward general benefits such as the national defense. It is called the federal income tax. Health care for the elderly is just such a general benefit, and general revenues should pay for it.

# White House Watch

## Travel Notes

*Monrovia, Liberia*

A lot of thought and palaver, mostly negative, went into White House discussion of what Rosalynn Carter's role should be during the President's trip to Venezuela, Brazil, Nigeria and, lastly and briefly, Liberia. Robert Pastor, one of the National Security Council staff's specialists on Latin America, had accompanied Mrs. Carter on her visit to several South American and Caribbean countries last summer. His subsequent account of her accessibility to dissenters, oppositionists and torture victims in countries with sensitive regimes contributed to the controlling view that her husband could do without that sort of assistance. Pastor's further observation that Latin American journalists could be capable of savagery and lack of consideration for dignitaries that were not surpassed in the White House press room strengthened the conclusion among the President's planners and, judging by events, the conclusion of the President himself, that gratuitous provocation of his hosts should be minimized or, when possible, avoided. The fairly though not wholly typical result was the sort of schedule announced for March 29 and 30 in Brasilia: "Rosalynn Carter will accompany the President to most of his official functions, with the following exceptions: . . . private meeting with Minister of Health . . . round table interview with representative group of Brazilian press." Mrs. Carter visited schools and what was billed as an unspoiled rural village near Lagos in Nigeria. She personally thanked the honor guard for honoring her and her husband at the airport in Liberia. Generally, however, she appeared in public either as a foil to daughter Amy, a child who as will be seen really enjoys being seen, or at her husband's side at state dinners and the displays of native culture with which they were favored at night after long days in Venezuela and Nigeria. The President and Amy looked as if they enjoyed these occasions and Carter literally leaped from his front-row seat to thank and be photographed thanking the principal performers. Two of the leading performers in Venezuela and all of the performers in Nigeria were blacks. Mrs Carter looked gaunt to the point of illness in Caracas and appeared to be merely tired in Lagos when these affairs ended.

Mrs. Carter's previous experience in Latin America figured in and may have caused the President's single session with a prominent dissident and defender of human rights, Paul Cardinal Arns, in Rio de Janeiro. At a special briefing for Latin American correspondents in Washington before the departure, a White House assistant who under the agreed rules may be identified only as "an American official" (or, the ultimate absurdity as "American officials,") had a terrible time explaining that Carter wouldn't have time to receive any dissidents in Brazil. The Latin reporters put sharp questions: had not Mrs. Carter received some people who said they had been tortured by henchmen of Brazil's chief of state, General Ernesto Geisel? And was not an entire day of rest, with no scheduled events, set aside for the President and the accompanying press corps in Rio? The first question was ignored. The answer to the second was yes and a firm insistence that it was intended to be and was going to remain a day of rest—period. The President filled the morning of that



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rest day with appointments in General Geisel's capital, Brasilia, and rested that afternoon and evening in Rio with a boat trip, an informal dinner and a visit with Mrs. Carter to a discotheque. He met for 30 minutes the next morning, before flying to Lagos, with a group including Cardinal Arns and another Cardinal who is not so noted for objections to the repressive aspects of the Brazilian regime—said to be declining but by no means ended—and a prominent lawyer, a prominent educator and a prominent publisher. Then Carter and his wife spent an hour with Cardinal Arns in their White House limousine, motorcading to a Rio airport. Reporters who flew on the President's plane to Lagos summarized an account of the meeting with the miscellaneous five as it was given them by "an American official" who attended the session: "Some criticism of the Geisel government was expressed by the guests, but they reflected a general feeling *(sic)* of progress towards more democratic procedures and the elimination of human rights abuses." The meeting was not identified in advance on the President's official schedule. According to one of two Brazilian reporters, both of them young women, who tried and failed at a press conference in Brasilia to get Carter to comment explicitly upon the Geisel government's human and civil rights practices, the accounts provided by the "American official" on the President's plane and by the President himself on other occasions were gross misstatements and understatements of actual conditions in Brazil.

Much of the supplementary information provided the Carter press party came from "American officials" on a background basis, meaning that the benefited or abused reporters were expected not to name the sources. It's a useful rule that is violated here only when it is abused, as it was on the eve of the President's truncated trip to Europe, Iran, India, Saudi Arabia and Egypt in December and January. It was not abused on this journey, the leg of the original trip that Carter postponed in the vain hope that he could get his energy legislation passed in December. Carter spoke to the press only on the record—at the Brasilia press conference, on his plane and briefly at various stops. He was not the anonymous official who gave an account on Air Force One of the meeting with Cardinal Arns and the others in Rio. Carter's frequent briefer and spokesman on foreign affairs, Zbigniew Brzezinski, spoke both on the record and on background and generally did much better than he did before the previous foreign trip. He gave one general briefing, not very helpful, and one special briefing in advance of this trip. The special briefing was for black reporters who had been complaining that they got inadequate White House staff and presidential attention and felt that the scheduled visits to Nigeria and Liberia called for something more. A group of black editors had similarly complained to Carter. It may be assumed that he had Brzezinski and one of UN Ambassador Andrew Young's deputies, Donald McHenry, meet with the black journalists. The best briefer on the trip was Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, who talked for the record aboard the President's plane during the flight from Lagos to Monrovia. The second best briefer was Carter, on the same on-record basis and the same occasion.

Carter was not at his best—maybe he would say he *was* at his best—in an impromptu encounter with four reporters who comprised the writers' "pool" on Air Force One during the flight from Rio to Lagos. One of the reporters, new to the plane, asked Press Secretary Jody Powell to show him around. Powell agreed to show the four everything except the President's private compartment. Once there, however, Powell knocked at the door and opened it. The reporters saw Carter and Amy seated together. The President, evidently annoyed, grunted an off the record remark in answer to a question and Powell retreated with the reporters. Mrs. Carter in the adjoining compartment to the rear invited the reporters to chat with her. She said this trip was going better than her trip last summer had gone, partly because it was easier to travel with "Jimmy" than to travel without him. She also said that since her previous visit to Brazil "great strides" has been made toward observance of human rights. Amy wandered in from her father's compartment and said her favorite event of the trip so far had been a boat ride in Rio's magnificent harbor the previous night. At this point Carter looked in and curtly suggested it was time to eat. That ended his wife's session with the reporters. There was nothing surprising about any of this. Carter long since made it clear that he regards the White House as *his* White House, Air Force One as *his* airplane. So they are, practically speaking, for now. Press Secretary Powell makes it his business to sustain at least a pretense of good relations and good humor with journalists. At times, however, an underlying irritation that he and Carter share becomes evident. With some reason, Powell let the irritation flare on the last evening in Lagos. An Associated Press radio reporter, Walter Rodgers, asked Powell why Brzezinski was more than an hour late for a promised on-record briefing. It was

**Coming Next Week:**

One Year Later: Garry Trudeau interviews the Secretary of Symbolism

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The Biggest Loophole of All: the Investment Tax Credit



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hot. The reporters were tired. Powell was tired. He rasped: "I am sorry if we inconvenienced you, Walt. Dr. Brzezinski was on the boat with the President. [This was a scheduled cruise to a new freighter anchorage which is intended to relieve cargo congestion in superficially booming Lagos.] I asked the President if he didn't want to come back in early to help you out, but he said no." The transcript notes "Laughter." Powell wasn't laughing.

All that is said about Amy Carter here is kindly meant. At age 10 she is a bright and charming creature and she was a welcome addition to the party. At the National Museum in Brasilia, Rosalynn Carter wrote in the guest book a conventional tribute to "this beautiful museum" and its "great artists." Amy wrote: "April Fool." After a state dinner for her parents in Caracas, she cavorted and jigged and flung her arms about and showed photographers the marks of her numerous vaccination shots. At a school for American children in Brazil she surprised photographers by seeming to be reluctant to perform. She finally kicked a couple of soccer balls for them. At one of the cultural shows, an officious military officer asked a native to give up a front row seat to Amy. Mrs. Carter looked unhappy. Amy looked content. While her parents took a last salute at the Monrovia airport, Amy pranced halfway up the ramp of Air Force One and, turning, gave a practiced wave to photographers and the crowd.

The Presidents of Venezuela, Brazil and Liberia, and Nigeria's head of state, lectured the President of the United States on just about every issue between the US and the host governments. The need for more help from rich industrial countries to poor (and not-so-poor) developing countries, a related need for and prospect of higher prices for Venezuelan and Nigerian oil, and a need for more understanding on the part of Carter, the American Congress and the American people that human rights can be overdone in places like Brazil and Nigeria, were drummed *at*—if not effectively *into*—the President at every stop. Nowhere was the suggestion that Carter has a lot to learn about realities in other lands more nicely put than at Brasilia by President Ernesto Geisel. American journalists made much of the unmistakable message implicit in Geisel's airport greeting. The official Brazilian translation from Portuguese into English conveyed the payoff line as follows: "We will be very happy if this visit can contribute for you and Mrs. Carter forming a fair opinion on the Brazilian reality." In the American translation distributed by the White House press staff, the message was in somewhat better order: "We will be extremely satisfied if the present visit may assist Your Excellency and Mrs. Carter in forming a fair opinion about the Brazilian reality."

If any further proof were needed that Carter as President simply does not attract and enthuse people in the way that Carter as candidate did, this trip provided it. There could have been explanations for the usually tepid responses to him and small turnouts for him that were beyond the ken of the reporters in the cocoon that circumstances manufacture for traveling presidential press parties. Television cameras may have devised an impression that differs from the impression reported here. But to the extent that interest can be measured on the spot by street crowds, crowds at public events and audience response, Carter evoked minimal interest everywhere except in Liberia. His short stay of some five hours here must have deprived him of most of the satisfaction that he said he felt but could not really have felt elsewhere. He surprised most of his assistants by speaking in Spanish at the Caracas airport and at a mountain-top church where the bones of Simón Bolivar the Liberator are buried. Venezuelan guests at a state dinner that evening said he spoke unevenly but well in their tongue. Yet on both occasions the small crowds were passive, patient, seemingly bored. During the climactic speech of the journey, his address on US policy toward Africa delivered to several thousand officials and members of the Nigerian Institute of International Affairs, it was evident to onlookers that the President was straining, all but panting, to achieve an emotional peak and raise his audience to it with him. His concluding quotation of Martin Luther King Jr.—"Free at last! Free at last! Great God Almighty, we are free at last!"—came out as flat as a beaten flounder and slightly wrong. "He's still 'Killer Jim'," an American reporter said afterward to one of Carter's assistants. The assistant nodded in dismal assent.

Although visiting journalists and especially camera crewmen had been warned not to wander without Nigerian police escorts through the dreadful shantytowns that deface Lagos, a USIS crew filming the Baptist church that Carter attended later with his friend, fellow Baptist and head of the Nigerian state, Lieutenant General Olusegun Obesanjo, turned its camera upon an adjoining shanty area. The USIS people had to radio for police rescue from a mob of enraged and sensitive Nigerians. At the Monrovia airport, one of the few places where spontaneous friendliness toward the Carters was evident, two US Secret Service agents who said they were from Washington and a black agent who said he was from Philadelphia bullied and harassed reporters, this one included, who either didn't proceed with satisfactory speed to an assigned press enclosure or balked at staying behind an imaginary line within the enclosure. This sort of thing can happen anywhere but the Liberian setting gave the episode a special tone. Two of the agents said they were acting as they did to save reporters from Liberian police who, according to the agents, were threatening to club journalists and snatch their credentials. A Liberian Ministry of Information official and Ivan Fisk, a Liberian National Radio commentator who had trouble getting past the Liberian police, said that this was a damned lie and that the Liberian police were doing what US agents had told



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them to do. While Fisk was yelling at two stolid Liberian policemen, the US agent from Philadelphia said to Fisk and to this reporter: "I gave them their orders." The agent was one of several hundred American officials and employes who had been brought thousands of miles to protect, assist and otherwise serve the President and his family on a journey that can be judged at best to have been a moderate success.

**John Osborne**

"Experts" are as hooked on federal money as their clients are on drugs.

# The Drug Abuse Hustle

## by Howie Kurtz

Richard Nixon's overzealous use of the government's police powers against the spread of narcotics has discredited, at least for a while, the criminal approach to drug abuse. Nixon's attempt to sensationalize the heroin problem and then use wiretaps and no-knock raids to combat it is seen by some leading Nixonologists as the cornerstone of his larger effort to subvert civil liberties, culminating in Watergate.

The current conventional wisdom is that drug abuse is a problem not for criminal law enforcement but for mental health experts. The primary vehicle of this new approach is a new federal agency, created in 1973, called the National Institute on Drug Abuse. In five years, NIDA has blossomed into a $260-million operation, supporting a tight little network of "experts" on the mental-health approach to the drug abuse dilemma. Using taxpayers' money, the members of this fraternity take turns hiring one another to study, quantify, assist and evaluate drug abuse policy. These abuses of drug abuse dollars are not as dramatic as the illegal buggings and break-ins of the Nixon years, but they are far more typical of the federal government's recurring failure in dealing with pressing social problems.

A typical NIDA research project that caused a bit of a flap was to involve showing pornographic movies to subjects stoned on marijuana and measuring their responses. Unfortunately for those lining up for the experiment, Congress got wind of it and terminated the project. But similarly imaginative studies, reflecting the "mental health" approach to drug abuse, have slipped through unnoticed. For example, there was the $80,000 grant to measure how dope and alcohol affect a person's ability to recognize smiles, scowls and other facial expressions. Then there was the $363,000 study to find out whether pot smoking makes a person more susceptible to hypnosis. Researchers with grants from NIDA routinely roam the globe. One group examined the socio-cultural aspects of marijuana use among the Zulus of South Africa. The expedition cost the taxpayers $174,000. Later a team of scientists was off to North Yemen, spending $275,000 to study a stimulant obtained by chewing leaves found only in that country. Other ventures have probed the anthropological significance of hashish use in Greek villages and pot smoking in Costa Rica.

A research rationale is not even necessary in order to see the world on government travel vouchers. During the past year NIDA's director, Robert DuPont, has visited Bangkok, Geneva, Honolulu, London, Miami, Denver, Houston, Montreal, Nigeria, Paris, Puerto Rico and Rome. The official purpose of these trips was to deliver speeches at various drug conventions. A casual reading of these addresses—available in the plush waiting room outside DuPont's office at NIDA headquarters in Rockville, Maryland—indicates that

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### The New American Hustlers

This is the fourth in a series of articles about a new type of American capitalist. These entrepreneurs differ from their predecessors—founders of retailing or manufacturing enterprises—in three ways. First, they tend to be selling a product that is more amorphous or ephemeral—or downright mysterious—and several steps removed from the production of goods and services that add directly to the national prosperity. Second, they depend on the existence of a large government sector, either as a customer or as a generator of the need for their product. And third, unlike traditional business conservatives, they tend to be enthusiastic believers in the big government on which their prosperity depends.



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they are different variations on the same basic speech.

When critics call NIDA's cozy circle of bureaucrats "the family," they are not always being metaphorical. Consider the case of Lee Dogoloff, a NIDA official who has now moved over to the White House as a drug adviser to President Carter. While Dogoloff was at NIDA, his wife, Mary Lou, was paid about $17,000 by a Rochester, NY firm called BRX to work on a NIDA-sponsored study of drug abuse treatment programs in rural areas. She also collected at least $7200 on another NIDA contract from a Maryland firm named Macro Systems Inc. Its mission was to update drug treatment manuals used by NIDA program officials. Dogoloff insists he had nothing to do with her hiring. "I cannot control what contractors may do," he said, "but my wife is a respected professional independently." Dogoloff himself hired his wife to accompany him to an official conference in Thailand. He paid for her plane ticket, but the government footed the bill for her salary and expenses. Her job was to "prepare seminar logistics" or, more plainly, to take notes.

Dogoloff met his wife in the early 1970s when she worked as his assistant in a narcotics treatment program in Washington, financed by the District of Columbia government. The director of this program was Robert DuPont, now director of NIDA. Another official in the program was Dr. Richard Katon, who was close to both the Dogoloffs and DuPont. The four of them have been picking the fruit of the drug abuse tree ever since. DuPont became the head of a special drug office in the Nixon White House, which evolved into NIDA in 1973. Lee Dogoloff was named a top official in the new drug agency. Richard Katon put aside a career as a medical doctor to form a private consulting firm, which soon began winning various NIDA contracts. (The firm's original name was Addiction Consultation and Evaluation Inc., but he later changed it to Richard Katon and Associates). Mary Lou Dogoloff—whose chief qualification as a drug abuse expert is a BA in English—joined Katon's firm. As it turned out, Lee Dogoloff began supervising Katon's first contract with NIDA. He even signed a couple of work orders for his wife after they were married. She resigned from the Katon firm soon afterward to avoid such blatant conflicts, but Katon later hired her to write a couple of NIDA contract proposals.

More recently, a NIDA official tried to hire Mrs. Dogoloff as a $100-a-day consultant to rewrite a report that she herself had once prepared while working for another NIDA contractor. The report was entitled "Promising Approaches and Models for the Prevention and Treatment of Drug Abuse in Non-Urban Areas." The NIDA official who submitted her name was Barry Brown, who used to work for Dogoloff at the Washington narcotics program. The NIDA personnel office rejected the request three times as a waste of money.

Laurence Carroll, another top NIDA official, and his wife, Guinevieve, were principal stockholders in a Miami consulting firm called Social Systems, Inc. Carroll founded the firm, he says, to halt the exodus of mental health professionals from the Miami area. At least four states have funneled NIDA funds into this company. Florida, for example, gave Social Systems, Inc., $40,000 to run a drug training program. The state of Nebraska hired Carroll's wife as a consultant and paid her with federal funds to help set up a peer counseling program in its high schools. Carroll insists, however, that Social Systems never paid him a dime and that there is no longer any connection between the firm and his family. Last July, while on an official trip to Miami, Carroll met with a University of Miami professor and discussed a possible future job at the school. Four months later, the NIDA division that Carroll heads awarded $200,000 in grants to the professor's department. The assignment was to devise "informational systems for managers in an integrated health care network."

NIDA contracts are awarded by supposedly impartial review boards, but since the board members are drawn from the same small pool of "experts," total impartiality is often difficult. For example, Macro Systems Inc.—not to be confused with Social Systems, Inc.—once offered Frederick Harrison a consulting job on a NIDA contract for which it was bidding. This was another in a seemingly endless series of "technical assistance" contracts to aid drug abuse programs. It turned out that Harrison was on the review board that was awarding the contract. Harrison claimed he had been unaware of Macro's job offer, which was quickly withdrawn, but he remained on the review board anyway. Macro won the contract with top marks from Harrison for "excellent staff selection."

Friendship can be almost as useful a credential as marriage when the drug abuse bureaucracy is looking for experts. William Spillane, for instance, tried to arrange a high-paying post for his college chum, Paul Ryser, who once wrote a book with him. When the Civil Service Commission ruled that Ryser wasn't qualified, Spillane hired him anyway as a consultant. Ryser later quit NIDA to work for Richard Katon and Associates, which began winning fat contracts from Spillane's division. For example, Katon won a $78,000 contract to "develop NIDA statistical publications." He also won an $800,000 contract for "Drug Abuse Management Information Technical Assistance." Spillane was a member of the review board that awarded each contract. Last year, Katon won the information contract again, but the cost jumped to $1 million.

The network extends to the House Narcotics Committee, which is supposed to oversee NIDA. The committee's chief counsel, Joseph Nellis, says he doesn't have enough staff to properly check out allegations that NIDA is wasting taxpayers' money. Maybe he can get his wife to help. Last year NIDA



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awarded a $150,000 contract to Muriel Nellis. For this money she is supposed to assemble a "national coalition on women's issues in substances abuse." This included tasks such as preparing "guideline packages for each regional coalition to coordinate planning and strategy for resource identification."

The close relationships between those who deal out these goodies and those who get them should not obscure the basic fact that most of these consulting contracts aren't worth the requisition forms they are printed on. They are a form of white-collar welfare that has made consulting for the government a boom industry. Take, for example, the TRIPS contract, an acronym for Treatment Referral Information and Placement Service. This involves keeping track of drug "clients" as they move from one NIDA clinic to another. It is a glorified answering service. The $150,000 contract recently was awarded to Birch and Davis, a new firm founded by two men who saw the unlimited potential in consulting when they worked for the large and successful Macro Systems Inc. They split off to form their own outfit and now offer accounting and financial management services to federal agencies and private health groups, as well as design management information systems. They also are a minority firm that qualifies for special so-called 8 (a) contracts set aside for minorities without competitive bidding. (See "Capitalism Without Tears" by Stephen Chapman, *TNR*, April 1.) One member of Birch and Davis is Rebecca Rubenstein, who used to write academic papers together with Robert DuPont and Richard Katon as a member of the Washington drug program that has spawned so many drug abuse superstars.

Then there is the CODAP contract. NIDA is big on acronyms; this one stands for Client Oriented Data Acquisition Project. This one-million-dollar plum is for compiling statistics on drug users, their problems and their treatment at NIDA clinics. Unfortunately, the numbers frequently don't jibe with reality and the jumbled picture they present is of little value in helping drug users. But the staff at every NIDA clinic has to spend an inordinate amount of time filling out the computerized forms. In fact, they often have to be trained to fill out the forms by still more paid experts. NIDA recently paid the Macro firm $96,000 to write "a procedural manual for program experts." Whatever that is exactly, HEW already had one, so Macro simply took that manual and rewrote parts of it. Macro employs over 100 people to provide "technical assistance" in management, health care, computer systems and other areas to private and governmental clients. It has been remarkably successful at NIDA, even winning applied scientific research contracts that generally go to scientists at universities.

What do all these consulting contracts add to solving the problem of drug abuse? Even accepting the proposition that drug abuse is best treated as a mental health problem, the millions spent on these contracts do a lot for the financial health of a small group of prosperous hustlers and nothing directly for the mental health of drug abusers. In fact, one easily gets the impression that many NIDA officials and consultants never have seen a drug addict. All they talk about is "data acquisition" and "treatment modalities." The plain truth is that the average college student knows more about drug abuse on the street than the NIDA professionals.

This was graphically demonstrated when NIDA failed to detect the rapid spread of a popular but extremely dangerous animal tranquilizer called PCP. The agency's elaborate Drug Abuse Warning Network (DAWN), which gathers data from emergency rooms and clinics across the country, did not spot the upsurge in illnesses and deaths caused by PCP until the drug already was making headlines in 39 states. The DAWN reports are thick as phone books and generally regarded by drug workers as a joke. Only recently has NIDA commissioned some new studies of PCP, turning to Birch and Davis to investigate the deadly tranquilizer for $138,000.

NIDA does spend some money on actually trying to avoid drug abuse. But it's possible to question how effectively this money is being spent. NIDA Director DuPont, for example, believes that pot smokers should not go to jail, a position endorsed by President Carter and the 10 states that have decriminalized marijuana use. Yet he is spending 15 percent of NIDA's treatment funds on an effort to convince millions of people not to smoke marijuana. "We treat their problems," DuPont solemnly insists. "It sounds surprising, but there are people who can't stop using it, or who are having problems with their parents." It is little wonder that the government has no credibility among young drug users, even when it tries to warn about really dangerous drugs such as PCP. NIDA spends 60 percent of its treatment budget on the fewer than 500,000 heroin users in the nation. Yet it devotes only five percent of its money to the more than five million people who abuse barbiturates, which are responsible for far more injuries and deaths. Apparently, heroin addiction is the more politically attractive problem, associated in the public mind with street crime.

In its preoccupation with marijuana and heroin, the agency has ignored the little pills, both legal and illegal—such as Valium, Seconal, Quaaludes and Dexedrine—that cause far more harm to millions of Americans. These drugs are cheap, readily available, and regularly abused by businessmen, students and housewives. They are not very different from the instant remedies advertised on television. Of course there is not much political mileage in taking on the drugs that much of middle-class America abuses. Moreover, these drugs are produced by large, influential corporations that would not welcome a federal assault on their products. But it is the teenager who



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swallows a handful of Valiums at a party, guzzles some tequila and takes a few barbiturates who most frequently ends up in a hospital emergency room for drug-related reasons.

Allegations of NIDA's excesses have sparked two investigations, one by the House Subcommittee on Oversight and Investigation, the other by inspectors for HEW Secretary Joseph Califano. What these investigators will find, if they look beyond the blatant conflicts of interest, is a growing band of academic experts, armed with the latest jargon, who are becoming as hooked on federal dollars as their clients are on dangerous drugs; and yet another social problem that has generated an expensive federal officialdom, without any apparent hope that the officialdom has generated a solution.

Instead of concentrating on civil liberties, it has become an overextended political conglomerate.

# Hard Times for the ACLU

## by Jim Mann

Suddenly, the American Civil Liberties Union is in serious trouble. The proximate cause of the crisis (ACLU officials have come to speak of their "crisis" almost as reflexively as the Italians) is the organization's legal defense of American Nazis seeking to march in Skokie, Illinois, a Chicago suburb with a large Jewish population including an unusually high number of holocaust survivors. Apparently shocked that the ACLU would defend the rights of a totalitarian group to parade in a way so traumatic to the local population, ACLU members have been deserting the organization by the thousands. From the end of 1976 to the end of 1977, the number of ACLU memberships dropped from 161,880 to 120,720. (The number of people who belong to the ACLU is said to be about 40 percent higher than the membership figures, because married couples often sign up under a single joint membership.) The rate at which memberships are renewed has dropped off precipitously, and fewer new members joined up last year than at any time in the previous eight. The ACLU has received at least 4000 letters—frequently letters of resignation—from members who say they are opposed to the organization's defense of the Nazis.

The loss of members has caused a corresponding loss in income for the ACLU. By last December, the intake from membership renewals was down by 15 percent from the previous year. Over the past few months, the national ACLU has laid off 15 percent of its staff in Washington and New York. Most state and local affiliates of the ACLU have been forced to cut back in a similar fashion. Senior ACLU officials took five percent salary cuts this year, and the organization has begun to publish its newsletter less frequently. Even with the cutbacks, the ACLU board of directors was told last month that the organization has barely enough money to meet its payrolls and virtually nothing in reserve.

Belatedly, ACLU officials have begun appearing on talk shows, writing newspaper columns and meeting with Jewish leaders in a determined campaign to drum up support for their role in Skokie. They admit that the intense hostility to their defense of the Nazis' First Amendment rights took them by surprise. They believed that the public—and certainly the ACLU membership—realized that the organization's principal concern over the past half-century has been to defend the rights of free speech and assembly for all people and groups, including right-wing extremists. After all, with far less public outcry, the ACLU defended George Lincoln Rockwell, the former Nazi leader, on a number of occasions in the 1960s—including one occasion when Rockwell sought to picket Jewish synagogues in Chicago. At one time or another throughout its history, the ACLU has defended the First Amendment rights of the Ku Klux Klan, the National States Rights Party, the White Citizens Council, George Wallace and Father Coughlin. At the moment, the ACLU is defending the rights of the Klan to stage a rally at a newly desegregated school in Mississippi— an action that has caused a number of resignations by black and white Mississippians, but which has gone relatively unnoticed elsewhere.

Since there is nothing particularly new or unusual about their defense of the Nazis, ACLU officials grope for other explanations for their current plight. Some of the civil libertarians worry about what they perceive to be a gradual erosion of traditional Jewish liberalism.

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They tend to attribute this phenomenon to a peculiar feeling of vulnerability and alienation right now in the American Jewish community, brought on by such developments as the Bakke case and Israel's conflicts with the Carter administration. When the ACLU last did an in-house survey five years ago, it found that about 40 percent of its member were Jewish.

This analysis of social forces that have made the ACLU's traditional constituency somewhat less tolerant than in the past is probably correct. But the ACLU's current difficulties are mostly of its own making. The ACLU leadership thought that the public and its own membership understood the principles for which the ACLU stands. That assumption turns out to be incorrect.

In its early years, the ACLU was a small New York-based organization, dedicated primarily to filing *amicus curiae* briefs on behalf of First Amendment principles. But over the past two decades, the ACLU has become a mass organization with a large professional staff, involved in a wide range of concerns, of which fundamental civil liberties issues such as free speech and free assembly are only a small part. Many of the issues the ACLU has become involved in seem unrelated to its traditional First Amendment concerns, although it always strains to develop what it calls a "civil liberties rationale" for its positions.

The political activism began during the civil rights and antiwar movements of the 1960s. At the time, many ACLU members believed, with considerable justification, that the organization was too detached from popular concerns, too elitist in its outlook. Charles Morgan Jr. opened a Southern regional bureau in Atlanta for the ACLU in the early 1960s. With Morgan leading the way, the ACLU not only defended civil rights leaders in Southern courts, but also became intimately involved in the movement itself—a movement that was, after all, dedicated to securing fundamental civil liberties for an entire race.

Then, as the war in Southeast Asia expanded, the ACLU took its next big plunge. After a bitter internal dispute, the organization agreed to defend Benjamin Spock against charges of counseling draft evasion. Dr. Spock had served notice he intended to contest the war itself during the course of his trial; some ACLU members argued, unsuccessfully, that the organization should defend only Spock's civil liberties, not his politics. By 1970, after the invasion of Cambodia, the ACLU issued a public statement calling for an "immediate termination" of the Indochina war. In the climate of the times, this stance did not hurt the ACLU's steady expansion. The ACLU membership was over 100,00 and continued to grow; in 1970, the year it came out against the war, the organization recruited 40,227 new memberships, more than any other year before that time. (In 1950, by contrast, the ACLU had a total of about 9000 members.) Richard Nixon was responsible for the most rapid expansion in the ACLU's history. The ACLU rode hard, early and often on the civil liberties issues raised by Watergate. In 1973, after another bitter internal debate in which some members accused the organization of behaving like an arm of the Democratic party, the ACLU became the first major national organization to call for Nixon's impeachment. ACLU mass mailings urged individuals to join the organization in order to fight "the Nixon/Agnew/Mitchell administration." It was rewarded with a deluge of new members and money. In 1973 alone, the ACLU attracted 50,545 new memberships—far more than in any other year before or since. In fact the correlation between Richard Nixon and ACLU recruitment was so strong that, according to John Shattuck, the organization's Washington director, there was a sudden drop-off in membership renewals in August 1974, after Nixon resigned, and then an upswing again a month later, after President Ford pardoned Nixon. By the end of 1974, the ACLU membership stood at an all-time high of 170,054.

If many of the ACLU's Watergate recruits had little idea of the nature of the organization they were joining, the ACLU can fairly be accused of contributory negligence. It did little either to educate its new members about the ACLU or to test their commitment to freedom of speech and assembly, as opposed to their general liberal zeal. In the early 1970s, the ACLU stopped sending to new members a 20-page pamphlet that formerly had been used to describe the ACLU's principles and goals. But the organization used its new size and wealth to support an ever-wider range of activities. Four years ago, the ACLU decided to become far more heavily involved than it had ever been before in lobbying campaigns before Congress and state legislatures. The rationale seemed plausible: with the Burger Court far more hostile to civil liberties than the Warren Court had been, the ACLU thought it stood a better chance of making progress through legislative action than by filing lawsuits. Indeed, the organization proceeded to score some notable successes in its lobbying efforts. It deserves the primary credit for engineering the defeat in 1976 of S.1, the proposal to overhaul the federal criminal code, which included a number of provisions infringing upon freedom of speech, press and assembly. (Congress is now considering a new version of the bill, without most of the repugnant provisions.) The ACLU's lobbying campaigns, however, require a greater commitment of staff and money than its traditional chores. A private attorney, donating his services, can be used to prepare a legal brief; but only full-time staff members can effectively keep watch on a congressional committee.

Meanwhile, with the help of foundation grants, the ACLU also has devoted increasing amounts of energy to feminist and abortion-related issues. Today, the ACLU is more active than the National Organization for Women in litigation involving women's rights, and



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is almost as active as Planned Parenthood in litigation involving the right to abortion. Last fall, as Congress and state legislatures began to cut off Medicaid payments for abortions, the ACLU announced that this issue would become its number-one priority for the next 12 months. Of $1.9 million the ACLU Foundation has budgeted for special issue projects this year, women's rights will receive $275,500 and reproductive freedom (abortion and sterilization) will receive $200,500. They are the two largest projects the ACLU is operating, except for one on prisoner's rights ($368,000). Near the bottom of the list are projects on privacy ($36,000) and censorship ($23,500).

To be sure, when an organization is designed to defend a highly abstract document like the Bill of Rights, it must expect that there will be some internal controversy over what to do in specific cases. The ACLU always has tended to function like a perpetual constitutional convention. Its members wrangle over the meaning of constitutional principles, and often must resolve problems in which different civil liberties seem to conflict. ACLU officials still are arguing among themselves over the propriety of a lawsuit by their Indiana affiliate two years ago, which forced public schools to stop using a biology textbook because the book argues on behalf of divine creation. Some of the civil libertarians felt, and still feel, that the use of the book amounted to a flagrant violation of the First Amendment's ban on an establishment of religion. Others feel that the ACLU, committed as it is to freedom of speech, should never under any circumstances have become involved in an effort to ban the use of a book.

In recent years, however, the ACLU's running constitutional convention more often has taken on a different character. Rather than agonizing over situations where civil liberties come into conflict with one another, the organization has attempted to invoke constitutional principles to justify taking positions on political issues that are, themselves, further and further afield from the ACLU's basic civil liberties concerns. The definition of civil liberties has threatened to expand to fill the universe of the political left. Last December, for example, a special committee on energy and civil liberties urged the ACLU board to oppose the development of plutonium breeder-reactors and the use of plutonium in existing nuclear plants. The committee's argument was that if plutonium ever were stolen by a terrorist group, the government would respond with a massive use of police power, would conduct widespread searches and might impose martial law—thus posing a threat to civil liberties.

The ACLU board finally tabled that particular request, after several members pointed out that they did not feel particularly well-equipped to decide whether or not plutonium should be used. But at the same meeting last December, the ACLU board, after considerable debate, adopted a potentially far-reaching resolution putting the organization on record in favor of "economic rights," on the theory that the failure to solve problems of poverty subjects the poor to violations of their civil liberties. The abstractly worded resolution on economic rights enables the ACLU to take positions on a wide range of issues it has heretofore avoided, if the organization chooses to do so. Moments after approving the resolution, the ACLU rejected an effort to put the organization on record in support of the Humphrey-Hawkins bill and a policy of full employment.

By the time it began defending the Nazis in Skokie, then, the ACLU had put itself in a position like that of an overextended business concern. In order to support its many activities and large professional staff, the ACLU needed to keep recruiting new members and to keep getting renewals from those members already in the organization. In order to keep pace in its recruitment, the ACLU needed to keep finding issues of great public appeal, issues that would attract members. These no longer had to be civil liberties issues—virtually any sort of issue would do, so long as one could devise a "civil liberties rationale." The more the ACLU kept on recruiting members on this basis, the more it tended to attract people who either did not understand or, worse, did not believe in the basic principles the organization has been defending for nearly 60 years. Perhaps it was not so surprising, then, that some ACLU members were offended to discover that the organization they had joined was representing groups such as the Nazis and the Klan.

The first inkling the ACLU had of the troubles over Skokie came last September. ACLU officials were surprised to hear that during the Jewish holidays of Rosh Hashonah and Yom Kippur, some rabbis were delivering sermons denouncing the ACLU's defense of the Nazis. The following month, the roof caved in. The rate at which ACLU members rejoined the organization fell sharply. New memberships and income were down throughout the nation. The situation did not improve during the early months of this year, either. The ACLU has taken in $215,000 less from membership renewals in 1978 than it took in over the same period in 1977, itself a disastrous year.

In response to the current disaster, some political activists within the ACLU are urging the organization to find some other single issue of great popular appeal to attract members and to divert attention away from Skokie. Morgan, for example—who resigned from the ACLU staff in a dispute over his curious personal identification with Jimmy Carter, but who remains on the ACLU's board—wants the civil liberties group to begin proselytizing for "the right to own land, the right to 40 acres and a mule." But even a few of Morgan's admirers within the organization—some of the younger staff members who pushed the ACLU to take a more active stance on the war and impeachment—now



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speak of the "purgative" effect they hope Skokie will have on the organization. If the ACLU loses some people who joined because they didn't like Richard Nixon, these members say, so be it.

Aryeh Neier, the ACLU's executive director, goes even further. In the wake of Skokie, which he now admits caught him off guard, Neier concedes that the ACLU may have strayed a bit far afield in recent years. He says the organization made a serious mistake in not explaining to its members that the ACLU stands first and foremost for freedom of speech and assembly. But Neier also says the ACLU wants to "lead with its chin" on the Skokie issue. He says individuals will be urged to join or rejoin the ACLU because of—rather than in spite of—its defense of free speech and assembly for groups like the Nazis. Indeed, an emergency fund-raising appeal, sent out to all ACLU members last month (March), concentrates almost exclusively on Skokie in its appeal for money.

Yet even the ACLU's latest appeal seeks to reassure members that the organization doesn't defend the civil liberties of right-wing groups too often. "Of the approximately 6,000 cases handled by the ACLU throughout the country, only six—or one-tenth of one percent—are like the Skokie case," the ACLU tells its members. If the American Civil Liberties Union becomes too busy to stick up for the First Amendment, then who will?

We may be strong, but we think we're weak.

# Carter's Nuclear Confidence Gap

## by Morton Kondracke

The United States possesses 9000 nuclear warheads, twice as many as the Soviet Union. These are hydrogen bombs, each having from four to 450 times the explosive power of the weapon that devastated Hiroshima. In a war, only about 400 warheads would be needed to wipe out half the Soviet Union's urban population and two-thirds of its industrial capacity. The Soviet Union has more and bigger land-based inter-continental ballistic missiles than the US does, and more submarine-launched missiles, but the United States leads in bombers and in technology. Our missiles are vastly more accurate. Our submarines are quieter, therefore less vulnerable to attack, and more of them are at sea at any one time than the Soviets'. Two-thirds of the Soviet bomber force is still propeller-driven, while our planes long have been jet powered, and we are far ahead in the development of super-accurate cruise missiles.

In spite of this country's formidable strategic power, and in spite of assurances from successive administrations that our power gives the US an "essential equivalence" or "rough parity" with the Soviet Union that we will do what we must to maintain, there is a growing feeling in the country that the US is weak and getting dangerously weaker. It is reflected in public opinion polls, in high intellectual discourse about nuclear strategy and in a new respect being accorded to panicky time-is-running-out pronouncements that previously were dismissed as so much new missile-gappery. This infectious perception of US weakness has spread widely in Congress. One reaction has been an inclination to increase defense spending even beyond administration requests. Another reaction may be the defeat of the strategic arms limitation treaty (SALT) that President Carter is trying to conclude with the Soviets. That, in turn, may lead to a new arms race, a new cold war and even—such things have happened before—a new chill on civil liberties at home.

If he wants to win Senate ratification of SALT, and to avoid the political consequences of defeat, President Carter must restore confidence in the country's military and political strength. But repeatedly he has done exactly the opposite. He has created a strong impression that he lacks any geopolitical vision or strategic sense, any understanding of how moves in one part of the globe affect events and judgments in other parts. He appears to have come to office with a set of vague themes in his head for making the world good—"human rights," "disarmament," "nuclear non-proliferation," "North-South dialogue"—but without any notion of how to put them into effect, or how they might affect the East-West power balance. He has



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been forced to back down and shift course repeatedly, creating doubts about his resolve and judgment.

Carter has shown himself to be as poor a tactician and negotiator as he is a strategist. He decided to pull US ground forces out of South Korea without obtaining any quid pro quo from North Korea. He has pursued rapprochement with Cuba without achieving any Cuban restraint in Africa. He decided against building the B-1 bomber without asking the Soviet Union to limit production of its Backfire. Not only does he toss away bargaining chips in negotiation; often, he seems to start playing poker by showing everyone his hand, as he has done again and again in the Middle East.

If there is any area in which trust in the President is crucial, it is SALT. The issues are so complex, so higher-mathematical, so apocalyptic that most citizens and even many senators ultimately will decide what they favor on the basis of whose arguments seem to have credibility. It is still far too soon to say whether the administration or its foes will or should win the fight over SALT ratification—it is not even clear when the fight will occur—but Carter is entering the battle with a severe confidence problem. He has allowed the impression to spread that arms control policies are being made more by super-doves such as Paul Warnke than by experts at the Pentagon. He repeatedly has appeared over-eager for an agreement, for reasons that no one understands.

Of all Carter's behavioral quirks, perhaps the hardest to understand is his vacillation on the enhanced radiation warhead—the so-called neutron bomb. On March 16, in a supposedly confidence-building speech at Wake Forest University, Carter declared: "We will match, together with our allies and friends, any threatening power through a combination of military forces, political efforts and economic programs. We will not allow any other nation to gain military superiority over us." The neutron warhead is a device intended to help NATO overcome the Warsaw Pact's conventional (especially, tank) superiority in Europe. At a minimum, it seemed useful as a bargaining chip to forestall Soviet deployment of the SS-20 intermediate-range nuclear missile. The administration had worked hard to persuade our allies to let us base some neutron bombs in Europe. Yet, just when West Germany had agreed, Carter seemed to cut the ground out from under that ally and from under his own credibility, too.

Only the most urgent outcries from Carter's advisers, members of Congress, newspaper editorialists and foreign governments seem to have dissuaded Carter from abandoning the neutron weapon unilaterally. Apparently he was warned that he would have a huge NATO diplomatic crisis on his hands if he went through with his decision and might lose SALT, the Panama Canal treaties and the 1980 election. Only then did he draw back to the modified bargaining-chip posture that he should have taken all along.

Carter's waffling on the neutron bomb made a mockery of his tough talk at Wake Forest, but there are some questions about how tough it was meant to be. Marshal Shulman, an aide to Secretary of State Vance, is known to have briefed the Soviet embassy on the speech, reportedly to soften its impact in Moscow. Other officials indicated its sharp passages were written solely for domestic consumption.

Carter's Wake Forest speech, which was really a restatement of Defense Secretary Harold Brown's annual report to Congress, contained a back-handed acknowledgment of the growing doubts being expressed about America's strength and will. Carter denounced as a "myth" the belief that "this country somehow is pulling back from protecting its interests and its friends around the world." But ever since the Vietnam defeat and Congress's refusal to permit US involvement in Angola, the myth has been widely believed. Carter's decisions to pull US troops out of Korea, to cut back on Navy shipbuilding and his near-decision to halt deployment of the neutron warhead all make the myth seem solid reality.

Both the Wake Forest speech and Brown's report to Congress dealt heavily with strategic strength, with political will and with the interaction between them. "Our strategic forces must be—and must be known to be—a match for the capabilities of the Soviets. They must never be able to use their nuclear forces to threaten, coerce or blackmail us or our friends," Carter said. The fact is that there is increasing doubt in the United States—justified or not—about whether US forces do match those of the Soviets and whether they are perceived as equal by the Soviet Union, our allies, ourselves and the rest of the world.

Opinion poll results are one measure of the growing doubt. In February, the Opinion Research Corp. reported that 34 percent of the American people now believe the US trails the USSR in military power, compared to 27 percent at the end of 1976. The number believing the US is ahead has dropped from 29 percent to 20 percent. Those who think the two sides are equal have grown from 30 percent to 36 percent. Another measure is that an organization such as the Committee on the Present Danger is taken seriously when its chairman, Eugene Rostow, tells Congress that "the government is in . . . a mood which reminds me of the 1930s, when we and the British hesitated between action and inaction until it was too late to prevent World War II. . . . This time, we must not wait for a new Pearl Harbor to arouse us."

Among nuclear strategists, the best evidence of US nuclear weakness is the increasing vulnerability to Soviet attack of US land-based missiles. By the mid-1980s, most strategists agree, the USSR will have achieved levels of missile accuracy matching those of the US. That is, they will be able to plunk a warhead to within a tenth of a mile of its target after a 7000-mile flight. Because the Soviet Union's rockets are so big, the



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Soviets will be able to throw enough individual warheads (theoretically) to destroy all 1054 US land missiles and still have some left to threaten US cities.

This doomsday scenario continues with the US president facing a decision whether to launch a second-strike attack with submarine-based missiles and bombers against Soviet cities, knowing that the Soviets could obliterate US cities in return. Does he capitulate or end civilization as we know it?

Actually, it is never argued except by the most rabid superhawks that the Soviets really would launch a "counterforce" first strike—using their weapons to try to wipe out our weapons. The more widely-accepted thesis is that the theoretical Soviet ability to knock out US missiles would have political effects all over the world. When strategic thinkers go to bed at night, their nightmares are that big and little countries, choosing whether to side with the US or the USSR, will go where they think the power is. US allies will ease away from us. The Soviet Union, tempted by a prize somewhere in the world, would move to grab it. The US, fearing a crisis it could not handle, would capitulate. The nightmare may be a new Soviet attempt to put offensive missiles into Cuba, or a repeat of the 1973 Middle East crisis, or some other variation. But the end is the same: US "appeasement."

There are good reasons to dismiss these worries as mere nighttime fantasies. No Soviet military planner could possibly take the risk of launching a counterforce strike against the United States in what Secretary Brown calls "a single cosmic throw of the dice." Since ICBMs never have been tested in actual combat, how could the Soviets know how many of its missiles simply would not take off? Or fail to fly to the target? Or fail to explode when they got there? How many might be destroyed in the nuclear blasts of preceding missiles? Several studies have indicated that in trying to destroy the US land-based force, the Soviets might have to use up their entire arsenal and still fail, leaving the US better off than before in terms of rockets left over.

There are additional uncertainties for the Soviets. An attack on US missiles might kill as many as 16 million Americans as a side effect. How could the Soviets possibly calculate that the US would take that kind of punishment without firing back at Soviet cities? How could the Soviets be sure the US wouldn't fire its land-based missiles before the Russian rockets arrived? The upshot is that no Soviet leader in his right mind would order a counterforce attack. Therefore, rationally and logically, it follows that no ally, Soviet, American or neutral needs to react politically to some theoretical Soviet counterforce advantage.

Unfortunately, logic and rationality are not prevailing in the United States. The conviction has spread through the think tanks, through Congress and the administration that the mere *perception* that the Soviets enjoy counterforce superiority, even if it is unusable, has detrimental political effects.

As a result, the United States is at work devising ways to correct the ICBM vulnerability problem. There are four basic choices: (1) replace fixed land-based missiles with land-mobile missiles such as the proposed MX that could be moved to avoid attack, (2) stop relying on ICBMs and build more submarine-based missiles such as the proposed Trident 2, (3) depend upon hundreds of slow-flying, but super-accurate cruise missiles; or (4) try to negotiate arms agreements with the Soviets that will reduce the threat.

Even though the new SALT treaty is not yet fully negotiated or signed—negotiations now expect to be finished in June or July—a lively debate has been going on for months about its terms as reported in the press. Administration officials defend the new pact as a step toward maintaining US strategic security. They contend it will inhibit Soviet production of weapons threatening to us, while allowing us—after a three-year pause—to build what we need to maintain equal strength. Judging by his report to Congress, Defense Secretary Brown believes that SALT alone will not guarantee confidence in US power, and the Pentagon seems to favor deployment of MX, if ways can be found to insure that it will not be vulnerable to attack.

Administration critics, on the other hand, are attacking the SALT proposal as inadequate, as leaving the US strategically weak and subject to political blackmail. They contend that the three-year moratorium on new US weapons inevitably will be extended and that the Soviets will enjoy a politically exploitable superiority over us by the mid-1980s. Senate critics of SALT, led by Senator Henry Jackson, say they favor renegotiation of the treaty on more favorable terms. Outside critics, such as former Deputy Defense Secretary Paul Nitze, seem to prefer no treaty at all and a flat-out US effort to produce MX, Trident 2 and cruise missiles. This course would amount to arms racing. It would be expensive, perhaps costing $100 billion. It might be provocative, because 300 MX missiles, it is thought, will give the US the same counterforce capability against Soviet weapons that we fear the Soviets may get against ours.

Abandonment of SALT and a renewed arms race might well end US-Soviet detente and plunge the world into a new Cold War. Among some anti-SALT hawks, none of this is necessarily bad. They think the United States can't be safe unless it is clearly superior and that the United States *can* become militarily superior again if it puts all its economic energies to the task.

The administration, belatedly, has begun telling the public where it thinks the US stands in relation to the Soviet Union and why SALT is preferable to cold war. But making the public and the Senate share this outlook depends heavily on President Carter's ability to inspire confidence in his leadership. Unless his performance improves, and soon, all he will have going for him in the SALT fight is his prayers.



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# Arts and Lives

## Stanley Kauffmann on films

### Pretty Awful

*Pretty Baby* (Paramount). Of one trick the French director Louis Malle is a master: he knows how to spray a gloss of seriousness on basically stupid, exploitative or pointless work. As early as *The Lovers* (1959) he used some moderately skillful film-making to sell one of the silliest stories ever filmed as a pronouncement of sexual liberation. In *Murmur of the Heart* (1971) he spent a couple of hours making mother-son incest palatable; and many cheered him for handling incest "tastefully" without asking whether the handling had been worth the trouble. In *Lacombe Lucien* (1974), the skill was less but the bamboozling greater; by taking a grave theme—French behavior under the Occupation—he distracted attention from the heaviness of his symbolism, the banality of his devices, the emptiness of his political candor. Besides other fiction features, Malle has made a number of documentaries. One of these is a gargantuan seven-part work on India of which I saw two parts. The reception of this documentary proves yet again that if a director of some competence only points his camera long enough at a serious subject, he will get credit for making a serious film.

Now, because Malle's skill has slipped even further, the spuriousness rubs through more clearly. He has turned to the subject of child prostitution—children-and-sex have interested him before—in order, he says, to "evoke a disturbing world with total honesty." Modesty, thy name is Malle. And what selflessness. To devote himself to such a non-sensational subject. What Malle has in fact evoked is a piece of soft-core porn. No, not even that—you don't even see much of simulated sex acts. It's only a sort of striptease.

*Pretty Baby*, Malle's first picture in English, is set in Storyville, the fabled red-light district of New Orleans that was closed down in 1917, the year in which the story is told. It begins with a long shot of a (blatantly phony) model of the district, while a few strains of New Orleans jazz are heard. After this breathtakingly original start, we cut to a close-up of Brooke Shields, the already-publicized 12-year-old who plays the daughter of a whore, apprenticed to the trade. The camera holds on her staring face as we hear a woman's voice in gasps and muted cries that suggest sexual ecstasy. Clearly we are meant to think that the child is watching sex. Then we cut to the bed and see the woman—it's her mother, as it turns out—giving birth.

Leaping exegetes may tell us about the marvelous ambiguities of this opening—two-thirds of Eliot's triad of birth, copulation and death in one figure. To the non-leaping, it's just the first slice of the film's chicanery and muddle. The script was written by Malle and Polly Platt, the latter known previously as a designer—Streisand's *A Star is Born*, for instance—although she was co-author of Bogdanovich's first film *Targets*. The subject was suggested by Al Rose's historical survey of Storyville. What Rose did not suggest and what Malle-Platt have not devised is any intrinsic reason for the film's existence.

Characterizations are either sketchy or non-existent. Under the first heading, most of the roles; under the second, a photographer played by Keith Carradine, based on an actual figure, who frequents the bordello, as observer only, and takes sympathetic pictures of the girls. We're given no understanding of his photographic interest, his lack of sexual interest, why he eventually marries the 12-year-old Shields, why finally he abjectly allows her to be taken away from him. He is just a pivot on which other actions turn, and since he's unbelievable, the pivot is not only large but shaky. Which makes the actions that turn on him even less credible. And the performance of the part by Carradine, the longest hank of ambulatory Jello ever to blobble past a camera, doesn't exactly lend substance to the part.

At the start Shields is still a virgin, assisting her mother in brothel duties without "going all the way." Mom departs for St. Louis and marriage with a customer. Shields is auctioned off for deflowering ($400). Since she derived her ethos from her environment, the experience is hardly traumatic. After a quarrel with the madam, she runs off to live with Carradine whom she loves. He marries her, thus displaying desires of which we have had not a glimmer. (And the priest who performs the ceremony never questions its propriety.) The child-bride gets restless. Mom, now "straight," comes down from St. Louis to take her to her new home. Shields just walks out with mom and her hub. The picture ends with—darn it, you've guessed—a freeze-frame: of Shields at the railroad station dressed in conventional child's clothes. A boy, passing behind, is caught in the frame, and I'll bet we'll be told that this signifies Shields's joining the normal world of children. (And you thought symbolism was a difficult, discriminating process.)

If those key incidents were welded together through developing characters, the picture might have some body even if nothing that could rightly be called a story. Theme? It's possible to invent one *for* the picture, though it's not there: morality as indigenous. A child who grows up in a whorehouse and learns to lisp in whorehouse endearments and takes the filling of

### Films Worth Seeing

*Close Encounters of the Third Kind.* If Henry Adams came back and saw it, he'd nod and say, "I told you so."

*The Confessions of Winifred Wagner.* German documentary interview with the composer's 78-year-old daughter-in-law, an unrepentant friend of Hitler. Urbanely chilling.

*Saturday Night Fever.* John Travolta sensational in this heated dance-and-diddle story of a city within a city.

*Summer Paradise.* A Swedish family on vacation, so it has to be both pretty and shadowy. Good directing debut by Gunnel Lindblom, a Bergman actress.

**SK**



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opium pipes and the protocols of industrial sex as the norm, will not feel perverted; her hunger for a father will take the only form in which she can imagine male affection—lover/husband—and this moves her into a new environment for which she is morally unequipped; and the transition is completed when her mother takes her out of that odd marriage to a real home with a real surrogate father. But none of this material is in the film, and I'm not sure how pertinent it would be to us even if it were. (The more interesting story would begin where this one ends: what's the child's future?) So the wry fact is that Malle, with Platt's assistance, has managed to make the picture about a posh bordello that is dull.

The dialogue hardly helps. When his child-bride petulantly smashes some glass negatives, Carradine says, "So this is how you would repay me." (The Malle-Platt idea of period speech, I guess.) Most of the cast make sure that the lines sound worse. Shields, a child of quite ordinary prettiness, can obey her director's coaching, not much more. Frances Faye, a former night-club singer, plays the madam with a phoniness that is Himalayan. (And some of her post-recording is out of sync.) The inevitable black pianist of the brothel is an unattractive man named Antonio Fargas. The only good performance is by Susan Sarandon as Shields's mother. Sarandon, who looks a bit like the gossamer young Bette Davis, has humor and charm.

We may be told that, whatever its "literary" faults—script, characters, structure, etc.—*Pretty Baby* exists as *film*. Precisely not, I would say. The production design by Trevor Williams is good enough but no better than two dozen other designers might have done, given the same budget. No costume or setting shows striking imagination. The cinematographer is Bergman's own, Sven Nykvist, one of the best in film history; but he shows again, as he has shown in working with several other directors and once previously with Malle (*Black Moon*, of which I endured 20 minutes), that to be a great cinematographer, Nykvist needs a great director. Otherwise he just sells Beauty and Beautiful Detail. Some of his lighting of faces is extraordinary here, but mostly he just lays on the lushness of upholstery or of tropical vegetation, or makes sure we see the cracked paint on doorways and the rusty hinges in windows. And I never thought to see a Nykvist film in which focus gets racked. (Changing clarity of focus from foreground to background, or vice versa, during a shot.) This cheap diddling occurs twice.

But the key filmic failure comes from Malle himself. Besides the general vacuity of the enterprise, he holds shots too long and composes them badly. Shot after shot has no internal tension, no organic feeling in itself, no true connection with what has preceded it. The result is that many of the long-held shots seem to collapse on their centers, like tents when the stakes come loose.

An invisible guard-rail has been built around this "daring" picture, a rail made up of bravery (what may we *not* film these days?) and show-biz good taste. (That is, in the early scenes before Shields is deflowered, we don't actually *see* her fellating her mother's customers.) Of course, defenses would be irrelevant if the picture had any worth. But even though it's worthless, it's hard to feel outraged by such fumble-fingered exploitative estheticism, such money-conscious honesty. The picture is too rotten to be worth much of a fuss; it's worth just enough attention to show why it's rotten.

# Wolf Von Eckardt on architecture

## Radio City Music Hall

Chances are that few, if any, of the people who are deploring the likely demise of New York's Radio City Music Hall have gone to see a show there in at least a decade. The Rockettes were alive and kicking, but people were getting their kicks elsewhere. And the kind of super-spectacular family movie fare the management felt obliged to offer in its effort to fill 6200 seats has long lost its appeal. Last year, say the owners of Rockefeller Center, their music hall lost $2 million. Next year, the hall would lose $3 million if it were to stay open. So they closed it after the traditional Easter show. Plans are to replace Radio City Music Hall with offices, a hotel, and tennis courts.

But if popcorn movies have lost appeal, the theater's deliciously gaudy interior architecture has suddenly gained appeal. Until around 1970, Art Deco used to be widely despised as "modernistic," in contrast to honest "modern." Now museum curators, art historians and *Women's Wear Daily* (which plugged the name) are declaring Art Deco as legitimate and important an art and architecture style as Gothic. Rockefeller Center in general, and the luxuriant interiors of its Radio City Music Hall in particular, are probably the most impressive specimens of the style. The glowing sunset proscenium, the grand foyer, ticket booths, lobbies, staircases, rest rooms, murals, mirrors, statuary, reliefs, chandeliers, and other fixtures and ornaments can never be replaced. But it is futile, as it is with most other landmarks, until some other job is found for the white elephant to earn its keep.

It is amazing the Radio City Music Hall lived as long as it did. It was the last of the great movie cathedrals, of some 300 dazzling Roxys, Granadas, Strands, Rivolis, Tivolis, Orientals, and such, which, in the short time between the end of Prohibition and the beginning of the Depression, swept the country "on a flood tide of splendor, of million dollar real estate deals, of fantastic architecture, of music, laughter, and dreams," as Ben M. Hall put it in his book, *The Best Remaining Seats: The Story of the Golden Age of the Movie Palace*. I don't think such daring, outrageously fantastic and eclectic architecture has ever been seen or is likely to be seen ever again. The little boy who saw it in the Helen Hokinson *New Yorker* cartoon understandably asks: "Mama, does God live here?"

The architects, not of God, but of Marcus Loew, Benjamin Franklin Keith, Sid Grauman, and other movie theater moguls, and most of all of the great Samuel Lionel Rothafel, better known as "Roxy," did not create a new architecture (although as structures the great movie palaces were as inventive and sound as any). They created illusions—a tasteless but tasty cocktail of every conceivable architectural style and



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decoration of the past, snitched from medieval cathedrals and Angkor Wat, from Scheherazade's boudoir and Marie Antoinette's salons.

There was no end to the minarets, gazebos, trellises, arches, cherubim and seraphim, more often than not superbly crafted of genuine and genuinely costly materials, such as bronze, marble, and real Persian tiles. And there often were valuable, or at least creditable works of art, tapestries and even rugs.

The snobs may have sneered (although they rarely missed an opening), but the people loved their palaces. To hardworking immigrants who toiled in the big cities, this gaudy munificence, the romance on stage and screen, and the immersion in the mighty sounds of a Wurlitzer organ, were the best of the American Dream they could find. It was a nugget of the promised happiness they had crossed the ocean for.

The romance ended even before television, when the talkies arrived. There was no further need for the orchestra pit, for Wurlitzer, or, for that matter, the dancing girls and vaudeville acts. Only a few of these delightful achievements of American culture have been saved. The Ohio Theater in Columbus, the Fox in Atlanta, the Penn in Pittsburgh (now called Heinz Hall) have been restored and serve as financially as well as artistically successful performing arts centers. So do ornate old movie palaces in Providence and Richmond. A few others, mainly smaller ones, having escaped the wrecking balls, struggle along on Biblical pageants or sleazy porn. Most of them are gone.

Radio City Music Hall

Courtesy of the Bettmann Archive

Rockefeller Center, which was originally to have been an opera house, emerged as a commercial and entertainment center in the teeth of the country's deepest depression. Yet—and this seems to happen only when times are bad—the Rockefellers wanted to make it "as beautiful as possible" and lavished millions of dollars of art and ornament on their skyscrapers.

Originally, there were two theaters, Radio City Music Hall and the RKO Roxy Theater, a block further down, later to be called the Center Theater and still later (1964) to be torn down. Although the golden days of combined music hall and movie extravaganzas were rapidly fading when the two theaters opened in December 1932, both were entrusted "to the hands of 'Roxy,' master showman," as an advertisement announcing the opening put it.

"We believe that nothing approaching the Radio City Theaters has ever been given the entertainment world.... Into this crowning work of my life I have poured the best I have learned in 25 years of theatrical experience . . ." the advertisement continued. "The architects, builders and artisans who aided this vast enterprise have achieved a magnitude and splendor heretofore undreamed of in the theater. . . . Together with something big and new, accomplished with simplicity and good taste, we have created shows in keeping with their setting."

Roxy decided the music hall should be just that, the place where he would devote all his energy to producing gorgeous music and spectacle—leaving films and a small stage production to his Roxy Theater.

He did pour the best he had, surely the best of his drive and energy, into the music hall. But something happened, and, as Ben Hall tells it, "The dream became a nightmare. 'A spell of indigestion' in 1931 (his family never told him it was a heart attack) was a first warning of the weariness that was overtaking him." A nurse was constantly on hand at the interminable rehearsals. In his fever to cram a life's ambitions onto a single stage in a single night, Roxy overlooked important little details of lighting, music, and taste that he had always excelled in. Opening night, December 27; 1932, was a catastrophe. The next day Roxy collapsed and was sent to the hospital. He may never have seen the devastating reviews.

Although he recovered enough to live another four years, the Rockefeller



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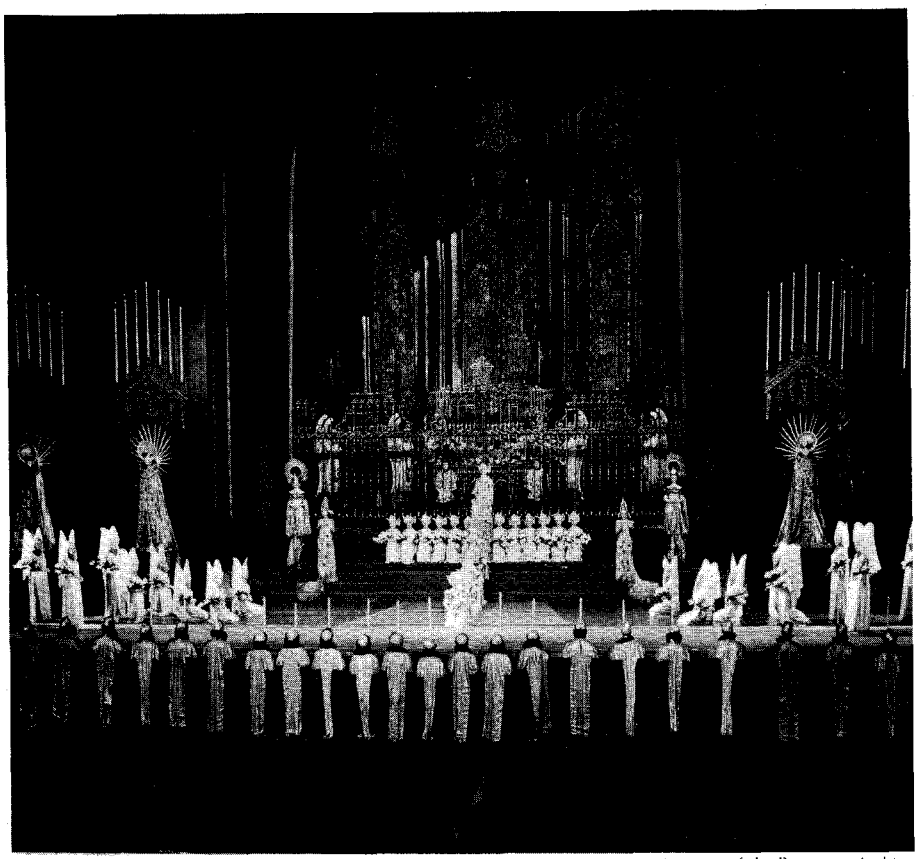

Risen with precision: Easter at Radio City — Courtesy of the Bettmann Archive

Center management made him feel that he was finished and Roxy, who was used to being loved, quietly left one day and never came back. What he conceived to be Radio City Music Hall's "shimmering spectacle," in Hall's words, was "trimmed to a charade and movies on the screen."

But if from the first the show never lived up to the setting, the setting did indeed achieve "a magnitude and splendor heretofore undreamed of in the theater"—at least this side of the Paris Opera.

Much of the concept was Roxy's—the 144 foot wide stage, 67 feet deep to accommodate the Rockettes *and* a resident ballet company; the orchestra pit that elevates a whole symphony orchestra to the stage, and other mechanical equipment that permits a breathtaking array of stage effects. Dazzled by a sunset at sea, Roxy had told the architects to create one in the music hall and that is just what they did. The architects were the same who designed the entire, original Rockefeller Center complex—Reinhard & Hofmeister, Corbett, Harrison & MacMurray; and Hood & Fouilhoux. The important designers, I suspect, were Raymond Hood, who designed the Art Deco Daily News Building, and Wallace K. Harrison, whom old-timers will remember as the designer of the Trylon and Perisphere for the New York World's Fair of 1939.

If they packed more dramatic power into the music hall than Roxy and all of Hollywood, it is because they and their artists and craftsmen pushed a new style to its most exuberant and confident best.

Art Deco—so named for the Paris "Exposition des Arts Decoratifs et Industriels Modernes" of 1925, was the style of the jazz age, of pride in smooth machine production, of liberation from drudgery and Victorian prejudice, of hectic frivolity and flat-chested girls and buildings, of Scott Fitzgerald, Carole Lombard and Bright Young Things who would forever shake cocktails in chromed shakers, shake their knees dancing the Charleston, and smoke Balkan Sobranies held at bay by foot-long cigarette holders.

If Art Nouveau, the style that preceded it, was sweet smelling decadence with limpid vegetation and languishing Beardsley ladies suffering *fin de siècle Weltschmerz*, Art Deco was the style of swift luxury liners gliding on mirror seas. Don Vlack says in his superb book on *Art Deco Architecture in New York*, "from the morose, drooping posture of the (Art Nouveau) mermaid springs the shoulders-back stance of the (Art Deco) nymphet; the sinuous and twisting tendrils and calla lilies give way to the fresh, sprouting stalks of gladiolus and birds of paradise."

Modernity, that is, machine modernity, was a proud asset, an article of faith, a statement of exuberant optimism and vibrant energy. There was joy in the new materials—glass, aluminum, polished steel, Bakelite and shiny, polychrome, geometric ornaments. It was mostly geometric because the machine could handle compass and T-square designs better than free forms. Everything was precise and streamlined—from streamlined automobiles to streamlined nudes and streamlined greyhound dogs and the streamlined, soaring pinnacle of the Chrysler Building.

The ornaments and the forms of Art Deco trigger fantasies and imaginings in the human mind. That, I believe, is what makes the last human style. The Chrysler Building "relates" as the jargon has it, to you and me. The World Trade Center does not. Art Deco was universally popular. It was the last time that we had a consensus among architects, artists, craftsmen, the elite, and the people. That made the style so potent, so creative, and so satisfying. That makes it possible, as Don Vlack says, to compare Art Deco with Gothic. "Faith is transferred and channeled from an


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***lying, despair, jealousy, envy, sex, suicide, drugs, and the good life***

**LESLIE H. FARBER**

"In my view...he is the most original thinker in his field since Freud, and his psychology of will is a discovery on a par with Freud's discovery of the unconscious."

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omnipotent God to an omnipotent machine power/science." Art Deco, furthermore, like Gothic, was an anonymous architecture in contrast to the more prevailing architectural star system. "Individual creative drive was subservient to and superseded by the force and strength of the style itself," says Vlack.

All this, clearly seen or intuitively felt, is why so many people feel so strongly that Radio City Music Hall should be preserved. There is another reason, too, which *The New Yorker*'s "Talk of the Town" column expressed with customary eloquence. "There seems to be a tendency," *The New Yorker* observed, "for things that, from the point of view of consciousness, are *something*, such as the Music Hall, to be driven out by things that are *nothing*, such as the new hotel, the tennis courts, and the office space. It may be a dread of spreading nothingness, rather than what is beautiful, that makes the Show People's Committee to Save Radio City Music Hall and many other people unfriendly to things that are standardized, repeatable, and ubiquitous, and therefore leave no imprint on their minds, and make them cherish with a new intensity things that, like Radio City Music Hall, are distinctive, unrepeatable, and rooted in their time and place, and are therefore hospitable to notice, affection, and a place in their memories—or, if you will, in the national consciousness."

But can we, at this late date, find a job for the hall, can we create *something* that can prevent it from being turned into another *nothing?* By the end of April, New York City, with the strong support of Lieutenant Governor Mary Anne Krupsak, is likely to proclaim the music hall a historic landmark. The proclamation would stay the execution for a while. In that time, preservationists will have to come up with more plausible uses for the place than have been suggested so far. A department store or shopping center, or indoor amusement park will hardly do. Making it a showplace for the National Film Institute, a grand museum of cinematography, would require heavy subsidies that are nowhere in sight.

What is clearly needed, as architecture critic Ada Louise Huxtable suggests, is a new entertainment formula that attracts an acceptable mix of foundation support and paying customers. More tourists visit Rockefeller Center each year than the Statue of Liberty or any other tourist attraction in New York City. The Rockefellers, it is said, may be willing to break even or sustain a small loss, if a scheme can be found that makes sense. Pop and/or rock music, may be one answer. The architecture firm Hardy, Holzman, Pfeiffer, which has some experience with both theater building and programming, has been retained to find such a scheme.

What we need is another Roxy—without a "spell of indigestion."

# Books Considered

## One Half of Robertson Davies
## by Robertson Davies

(Viking; $12.95)

To understand how a writer of such modest though agreeable gifts as Robertson Davies can be considered Canada's leading man of letters, one must know something of the current literary climate. (It is not I who make this claim for Davies, but others: I would put forth the names of Northrop Frye and George Woodcock if asked to name Canada's "leading" men of letters.)

Not long ago there was no "Canadian literature" as such—writers wrote, and presumably people read them, but not many people read them and rarely with the deep, considered respect they held for the *real* literature, which was that of England; or Europe; or even the United States. Literary journalists as well as academicians professed contempt for the writers and poets of their own country who, writing of native, immediate, and often distinctly regional matters, seemed to them obviously inferior to Wordsworth, Dickens, Austen, Shakespeare *et al.* (I note the same, now rather outdated, attitude in Robertson Davies who, in the few literary pieces included in this collection, speaks warmly and knowledgeably about Dickens, Henry James, Graham Greene, Evelyn Waugh, even John Cowper Powys, even the 19th-century melodramatist Sheridan Knowles, but who charges the literature of his own time with being excessively "gloomy," godless, and Freudian; and who, in a speech with the title "What May Canada Expect From Her Writers?" manages the astonishing feat of mentioning not one Canadian writer at all—the piece is about Solzhenitsyn, and Robertson Davies.) Canadian writers were made to feel not only inferior to Great Writers, but unreal: with no critical response, and a very small reading audience, how were they to attain any sort of image of themselves? How were they to feel that their efforts had any value?

In the '60s, however, with the rise of Canadian Nationalism, the situation began to improve. Genuinely gifted writers like Margaret Laurence were "discovered"; neglected works like Sinclair Ross's *As For Me and My House* were recognized as minor masterpieces. Younger poets and writers appeared. And were encouraged by early publication. And by frequent publication. The most influential anthology of the era, and of the present time, is Gary Geddes's *20th-Century Poetry and Poetics*, which boldly—some might say recklessly—sets down poets with the dubious fits of an Al Purdy beside Yeats and Pound and Eliot and Frost. (In fact Purdy has nine poems in the book, to Auden's seven.) One discovers A. M. Klein beside Dylan Thomas, one puzzles over bp nichol, whose concrete poetry is of a sort to give undergraduate poets hope for their own apprentice work. Elsewhere, in critical journals, Canadian writers are discussed with easy reference to "other" 20th-century writers like Joyce, Lawrence, Mann, and Faulkner. Perhaps Canadians are not inferior after all; perhaps they are superior? The Revolution grows fierce, belligerent. An undergraduate English major asked our departmental council why some of us believed English majors should be encouraged to take courses in Shakespeare—after all, doesn't Shakespeare belong to the past, and today we have Earle Birney. In Alberta Canadian Nationalists objected to symphony orchestras in the habit of playing works by Beethoven and Mozart; aren't there, they inquired, Alberta composers whose compositions might mean more? And the other day one of my students remarked that all of



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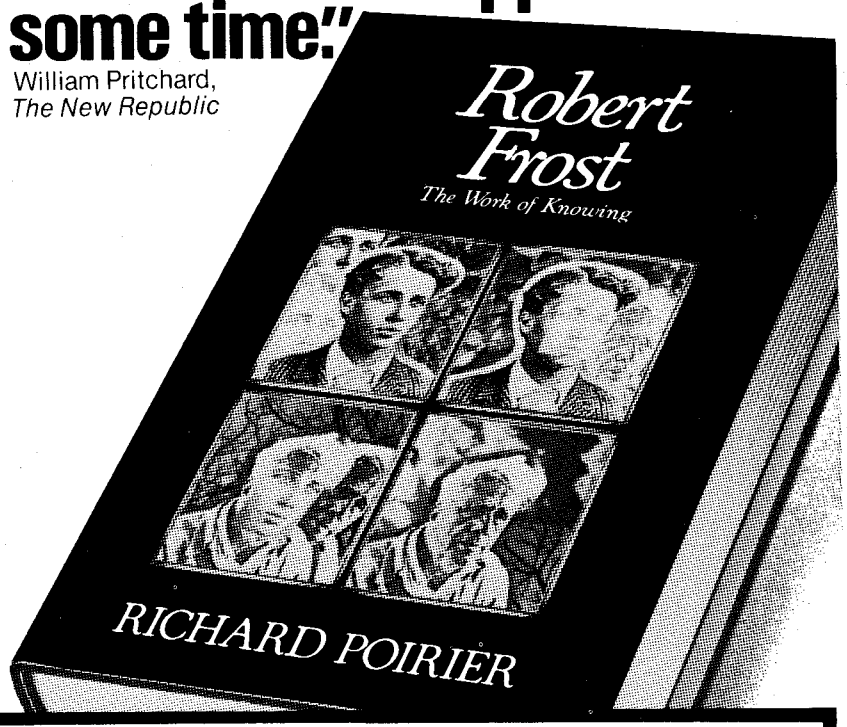
the stories in the anthology we are using are "American" (i.e., Chekhov, Mann, Kafka, Joyce, Flaubert, Calvino, *et al.*) . . . where were the Canadians?

Since it has been decided that Canadian writers are now worthy of those old, enviable adjectives—*great, masterly, brilliant, profound*—literary journalists and critics are in a frenzy to apply them to actual people. The talented Margaret Atwood must endure well-intentioned publicity that places her "in the ranks" of Conrad on the strength of one novel *Surfacing*, and insists upon her position, at the age of 38, as the "reigning Queen of Canadian Letters." (And in the wings the "next major Canadian woman writer" is already being groomed—a 25-year-old poet of extremely slender and derivative gifts.) In art there is Harold Towne, who has gamely imitated, over the years, nearly every school and gimmick to acquire publicity in New York, and imitated it badly: Canada's "outstanding" artist. And there is, of course, Robertson Davies, whose twenty-fourth book we have here.

A former newspaper editor (of the Peterborough *Examiner*), now professor and Master of Massey College at the University of Toronto, Davies has written nine novels, eight plays, three books of criticism, and has collaborated on other books. His best-known work is an informal, and unplanned, trilogy that consists of *Fifth Business, The Manticore,* and *World of Wonders.* (Of his earlier, lesser work I have read only *Leaven of Malice*—and would not quarrel with the judgment that it is lesser.) In Canada the trilogy is considered something of a masterpiece, partly because, as Davies says in one of his speeches, it is clearly a moralist's fiction—"quite often people reap what they have sown"—and because, as Davies also says, it won the enthusiasm of a "large and generous readership in the United States." *Fifth Business is* a winning, likeable, plausible, well-crafted (in a '50s textbook manner) novel, proudly old-fashioned in characterization and style and theme, and while it will not excite many readers it will certainly not disappoint. *The Manticore,* however, reads like an uninspired though rather antic fleshing-out of Part I of Jung's popular *Man and His Symbols* (Davies is a Jungian, and a talkative one—more of that later); the third novel of the trilogy, *World of Wonders,* is painfully weak, a hodgepodge of details and memories that constitute the "autobiography" of a man whom Davies wants us to consider the world's greatest magician, but who is no more


**"The best critical study of a writer to have appeared in some time."**
William Pritchard,
*The New Republic*

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than a talking—a perpetual talking—machine. Yet in general these novels received ritual acclaim in Canada: it seems to be the case that very few Canadian critics are willing to take note of the Emperor's exceedingly flimsy new clothes.

No doubt the present volume, which consists of speeches given by Davies over a period of many years, will receive the same sort of ritual response in Canada. Like Goethe and Mann, whom Davies admires greatly, he is not "crippled" by inordinate modesty; he thinks it quite reasonable that occasional speeches, conversational, jocose talks he has given to the girls of Bishop Strachan School, at commencement ceremonies at the University of Calgary, to the Ontario Welfare Council, to Massey College's faculty and students at their yearly Gaudy (a Christmas party), even to a society of industrial accountants, should be preserved. As if apprehensive of the fact that the printed word differs irrevocably from the spoken word, Davies instructs us to try to *hear* the book as we read it. And perhaps this was my problem—I did seem to hear the book, as I read it. And to realize that my cunning in avoiding commencement exercises over the years was no more than instinctive wisdom: those speeches *are* as bad as everyone says. Yet the experience of reading *One Half of Robertson Davies* was enlightening—I was forced to realize how close, how astonishingly close, colossal vanity is to pristine innocence.

Here is Davies on the proper education of women:

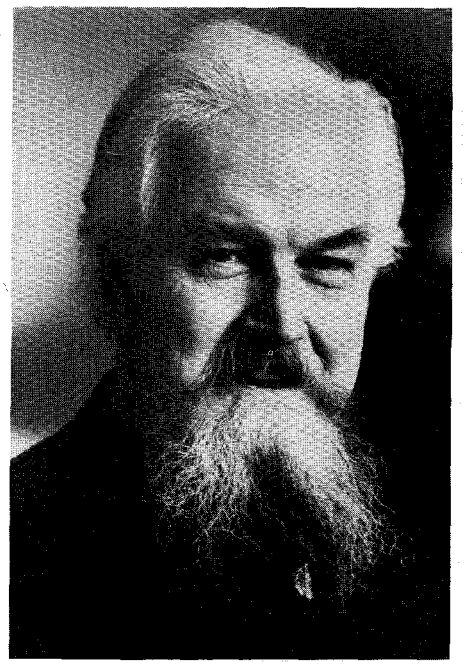
> *. . . Women are not simply creatures with an undeveloped masculine type of intellect, but the possessors of a type of intellect very much their own, which is complementary to that of the male. Religion, of course, has always recognized this. . . . Man is good at Civilization, but Woman is good at Life itself. But universities still work on the assumption that a brain is a brain, whatever sort of psychological organism it is hitched to. . . . Why do universities believe this?*

But should one think that Davies prefers men, and resents the girls in his classes, he tells us confidentially in another speech: "Every autumn when I meet my new classes, I look them over to see if there are any pretty girls in them. . . . A pretty girl is something on which I can rest my eyes while another student is reading a carefully researched but uninspiring paper." He jokes that he is not now, and has never been, a homosexual. In one of the better pieces in the book, "The Conscience of a Writer" (which is, in fact, a low-keyed commentary on Jung's theory of Individuation, though the term, for some reason, is never used), Davies states baldly that we all experience a change in the middle of our lives. It is highly important for the writer to recognize this phenomenon:

> *In women this change is physiological as well as mental. . . . But in men the change is an intellectual and spiritual one of profound consequence, and this is something observable in the careers of virtually all writers of the kind we are talking about here—the committed writers, the servants of the writer's conscience.*

But what kind of writers *are* we talking about here? They struggle, they endure, they work in solitude, "cheered by no one except perhaps a faithful and long-suffering wife."

Of these 22 pieces perhaps five are worth preserving; the others, particularly a "satirical" poem on *Hair*, not to mention a coy, cute animal story written for children but included here because "several people" assured Davies it was really for adults, might have been tossed away without regret. The collection improves as it progresses, though this may be a consequence of Davies's choice of subject matter (Freud, Jung, Trollope, melodrama, ghost stories, Proust, etc.) rather than the actual quality of his writing. We learn, for instance, that Evelyn Waugh, with a powerful Catholic belief in evil, was able to write superior novels because, for



Robertson Davies © Jill Krementz

one thing, he did not partake of the follies of the Freudian Revolution. (Under the Freudian flag, in fact, the Devil has gained a good deal of ground. How do we know? Well, the "wallow of sentimentalism that attended the recent abandonment of capital punishment in Canada" is typical of the "kind of thinking" that springs from half-baked Freudian morality. Davies is said to regret that public floggings and hangings have been discarded—they were a good warning to potential evil-doers.) On Dickens he writes knowledgeably, if without any particular genius; on Jung he is disappointingly simplistic, and makes statements I would challenge—"For Jung," Davies says, "God was a fact for which evidence existed in the mind of man." And is it true that "Jungians assert the existence of God"? The Jungian position as I understand it is that a *God-experience* of some kind is possible psychologically. But as an empiricist Jung would hardly make the claim that God exists apart from the human psyche.

The collection ends with four conversational lectures on the problems of evil in literature, and one of those essays most Canadian writers have felt compelled to write in recent years, "The Canada of Myth and Reality." In this essay Davies repeats what many have said—that Canada, having a colonial


*THE CULTURE OF INEQUALITY*

Michael Lewis
Foreword by Bernard Beck

*The Culture of Inequality* attempts to explain, from a psycho-sociological perspective, the persistence of social and economic inequality in America. Michael Lewis argues that poverty and its related social problems continue as a result of a cultural belief system which holds that the individual is responsible for his or her own success or failure and that opportunity is equal and unlimited for the willing. After tracing the historical roots of this belief system and its strategic role in our society, the author illustrates its day-to-day presence in the sentiments of people living in a medium-sized American city.

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mentality, is apt to feel self-righteous as a consequence of virtual powerlessness, and to blame the United States for its own problems. I am not altogether convinced, however, that Davies knows, or really cares, where Canada is, or who comprises its population. In his speeches he is careful never to mention the name of any distinguished Canadian contemporary of his, out of indifference—or simply ignorance—or perhaps envy. He speaks as if "the writer" must show Canada to Canadians—as if no writers have yet done so? He will speak learnedly of the supernatural in literature, and confine himself to English writers, ignoring Canadian writers—like Howard O'Hagan, for instance, whose *Tay John* alone is worth the windy rhetorical conventions of all of Davies's books. In one speech he calls his nation "somnambulistic"—but what, in terms of present-day Separatist agitation, and a long history of regional resistance to Ottawa, does this mean?

It is grossly misleading to bill Davies as Canada's "leading man of letters," and he should certainly not be taken, by non-Canadians, as a "great" Canadian writer. He is, depending upon your taste, a genial storytelling moralizing conservative; or a pompous but charming Tory; or a narrow, exasperating reactionary; or a curmudgeon of the old school whose spite, anger, and vanity have been successfully—or nearly so—hidden behind a persona of bemused old-fashioned courtliness. I read him as possibly the very last image in Canada's collective dream of an older English tradition: a Floating Head whose allegiance is with the Queen (that is, the one who died in 1901), a symbol of all that younger Canadian writers and artists have been struggling to accommodate, or repudiate, or transcend, or forget.

**Joyce Carol Oates**

*One Half of Robertson Davies* will be published on April 27.

## The Canadian Imagination: Dimensions of a Literary Culture edited by David Staines

(Harvard University Press; $10)

Many Canadian intellectuals rightly bemoan the fact that for many American readers the best-known introduction to Canadian writing has for years been *O Canada*, a sometimes distorted and often limited portrayal of things Canadian by that universal expert, that professional amateur, Edmund Wilson. Though it is being marketed in Canada as well, where it performs a predictable specialized service, *The Canadian Imagination* seems intended, by the very fact of its publication by Harvard, to do missionary work in the United States. Harvard Professor Staines, who contributes a summary introduction to this volume, has organized a panel of contributors that includes many of the biggest names among Canadians immediately recognizable in the United States (if not always *as* Canadians, for some of them have done fairly well by "passing" in American society)—Margaret Atwood, Marshall McLuhan, Douglas Bush, and Northrop Frye. Joining them are four others with substantial Canadian and/or scholarly reputations: Marine Leland, Peter Buitenhuis, Brian Parker, and George Woodcock. Essay anthologies, whether or not they consist of newly-commissioned pieces, are by definition uneven, and this one is no exception; still, there are plenty of good things here, and *The Canadian Imagination* is on balance a useful volume.

One notes at once the peculiar implications of the book's subtitle; it is not "Literary Dimensions of a Culture," but "Dimensions of a Literary Culture." Does Staines mean that Canadians are more literary than others? They are not, though an ardent devotion to Canadian writing at the expense of the rest of world literature characterizes groups, such as high-school teachers, of which the same could not be said in the United States. Or is it that Canadian culture finds its primary definitions in print? This is the likelier possibility, for while the performing arts attain a kind of cosmopolitan excellence in Canada, and while the movie industry thrives and battens, such arts as music and painting are afflicted with a derivative compe-

**Is there such a thing today as "the black experience"?**

William Julius Wilson thinks not. As he contends in **THE DECLINING SIGNIFICANCE OF RACE**, the black population can now be stratified into groups whose members range from affluent to extremely impoverished. For the first time in American history, "the life chances of individual blacks have more to do with their economic class position than with their day-to-day encounters with whites."

In this provocative book, Wilson analyzes the economic and political changes in recent history which have altered relations between blacks and whites. He does not mean to suggest that racial conflicts have disappeared but that their basis has shifted from the economic sector to the sociopolitical order. As the black middle class has been able to progress on the wave of political and social changes, the black underclass has been left further behind the larger society in every conceivable respect. "A history of discrimination and oppression created a huge black underclass," writes Wilson, "and the technological and economic revolutions have combined to insure it a permanent status."

Nathan Glazer writes of **THE DECLINING SIGNIFICANCE OF RACE:** "Wilson's analysis of the problem of the black lower class is one of the best I've seen. It is a good and valuable work in defining just where the problem is—and where it isn't."

**THE DECLINING SIGNIFICANCE OF RACE** Blacks and Changing American Institutions
by **William Julius Wilson** $12.50

**University of Chicago Press**




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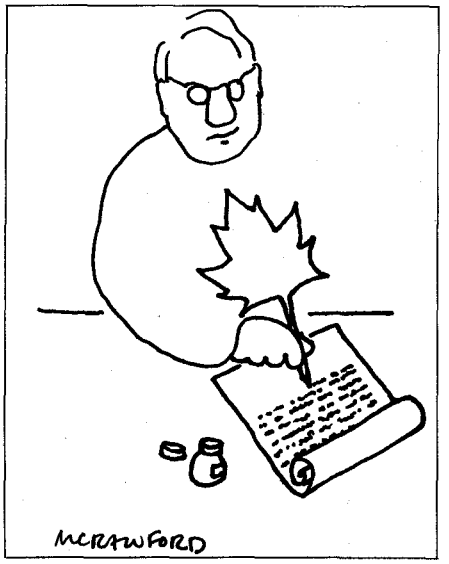
tence that attracts few foreign fans. Yet even the Festival Theatre at Stratford, Ontario—possibly the most important institution of its sort in North America—is subject to perennial wrangling about its degree of "Canadianness."

Yet aside from the big names dutifully included in this volume, few Canadians are likely to be recognizable to literate Americans by name, let alone *as Canadians*. Exceptions to the rule may include Mordecai Richler, Margaret Laurence, Leonard Cohen and possibly Robertson Davies. But critical attention, such as that paid Cohen by Leslie Fiedler, has been rare indeed, and the curious reader is often limited to a few anthologized offerings as puzzling and hard to evaluate as moon rocks. Such a supposedly major Canadian poet as Irving Layton goes largely unread here—though a selection of his poems has recently appeared. One reason for this state of affairs is surely the incestuous quality of the world of Canadian poets, a mutual-admiration society whose members often make no real effort to compete for attention outside of Canada. Thus by ignoring the basic question, "What is it like to be a writer in Canada?", this volume is unable to comment on such matters as the monkey-cage grooming and preening that goes on among Canadian poets, resistant as they are to weaning from the



Drawing by Michael Crawford

plastic teat of the grant-giving Canada Council. Nor is the tough truth (or its implications) that it is probably *easier* to get printed in Canada than in the United States ever faced.

Though editor Staines repeats the cliche-view that Canada is much more of a regional and societal mosaic than the United States, he points out a turning-away from the deliberately provincial in Canadian writers' usage of local materials, admitting that Quebec has moved more quickly than English-speaking Canada towards a distinctive sense of self-identity. Canada's "unaggressive development" as a nation is named as the cause for the delay; her orientation toward the future is said to be a reflection of timidity in the face of the task of filling up the national space. Such reluctance to come to grips with Canada's sheer immensity is echoed in Northrop Frye's lucid essay, "Haunted by Lack of Ghosts," where the history of Canadian poetry is wittily surveyed. Once a nation of "Cartesian ghosts caught in the machine that we have assumed nature to be," Canada has at last begun to confront the present, Frye holds; Canadian poetry's emergence from its local-color phase is thus a part of an act of national exorcism.

Frye also speaks of a death-orientation in Canadian poems, a thematic sense of being swallowed up by a leviathan landscape. Though Peter Buitenhuis's rather academic discussion of the longish poetry of "Canada's most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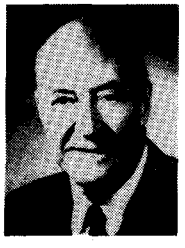

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significant poet," E.J. Pratt, is unlikely to win Pratt any new readers, he does strengthen Frye's contention by calling Pratt Canada's first "adequate myth- and image-maker in poetry." The argument is continued in George Woodcock's fine and fairly full consideration of Canadian fiction; Woodcock speaks of the importance of sheer content in the literature of a culture's earlier stages, but cites Hugh MacLennan as a writer who dared to help "liberate writers thematically and to turn their attention back to problems of form and sensibility rather than to problems of national destiny." Woodcock notes the recent tendency away from literal and explicit treatments of "issues" and the striking of moral and political postures, and *towards* the fantastic—one happy result being a more mature and successful engagement with the gists of those other lasting concerns.

Margaret Atwood considers "Canadian Monsters" next: the presence of the supernatural and the quasi-supernatural. If the topic seems unlikely and limited at first blush, it proves useful in the end, if only by way of furthering the critical momentum towards the fantastic which has already been mentioned. Atwood's technique is flashy, and her materials are exploited in a thesis-riding way, but the original attempt she makes is both provocative and finally worthwhile. Less convincingly apt is Douglas Bush's piece on the humorist Stephen Leacock, whose now-faded international celebrity makes it difficult for Bush to say very much about the Canadian quality of his better work. In fact, Bush seems more interested in Leacock's attacks on classical education. This second of two essays on single writers underscores the inappropriateness of the technique to present purposes, at worst to suggest that no Canadian writer might sustain such attention. Perhaps it is simply a matter of the arbitrariness of the selection of subjects, however.

Though he discusses in detail the plays of only three dramatists—Michel Tremblay, James Reaney, and George Ryga—Brian Parker manages to be highly interesting about a most troublesome subject: whereas the production of novels has remained fairly steady as the quality has increased, as George Woodcock tells us, Canadian playwriting has undergone a tremendous expansion, though few plays earn second productions. Parker speaks learnedly about Canadian participation in what Frye calls the "modern international art style" in drama, "spatial rather than linear, imaginative rather than rational, and 'in process' (and thus involving) rather than finished." By happy paradox, Parker concludes of these plays that "Their combination of intense particularity with a sense of arbitrary pattern is typically Canadian." Another helpful paradox is provided by Marine Leland, for whom Quebec's similarity to other "American" literatures broadly conceived becomes the basis for the singularity of the culture it has developed.

Lastly, Marshall McLuhan; to read him is rather like watching fish feed—all darting movements and bits of color. McLuhan is, as ever, better at making connections than at following through, and his addiction to phrases like "electric software vortices" makes one wish that *Annie Hall*'s theatre-lobby scene had continued long enough for Woody Allen to produce E.B. White to put McLuhan in *his* place. Still, his notions of public and private voices and faces are enough to send this superbly proofread and printed volume off into space, though one is tempted to ask as plaintively as Henry Gibson used to on *Laugh-In*, "Marshall McLuhan, what're you doin'?"

Perhaps necessarily, a host of worthwhile writers are given scant attention (Marian Engel) or not even mentioned (Alice Munro, Alistair MacLeod) in such a Faustian enterprise. Yet *The Canadian Imagination* does much of what it sets out to do, and in the process imitates its subject by finishing in fantasy, far from local habitations and place-names. With a bit of luck, it might succeed in attracting just the right American readership, and thus promote a close encounter of the fourth kind with a not-too-alien civilization.

**John Ditsky**

*John Ditsky* teaches English at the University of Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

## René—Canadian In Search of a Country by Peter Desbarats

(McClelland and Stewart Limited, Toronto, Canada; $10)

For the Americans whose stereotype of Canada is that of some quaint unspoiled land of non-events, *René—Canadian in Search of a Country* will come as somewhat of a shock. For those who realize that the intricate quilt of Quebec politics has been an ongoing process since World War II and especially 1960, this book by Peter Desbarats will be as tempting as the superb French-Canadian cuisine.

Quebec survives as a Francophone island in an English Canadian linguistic ocean; in this ocean, Britannia still rules the waves. But that scenario is changing as Quebec asserts a political influence that has shocked, stunned, scared and separated Canada's two linguistic communities of the English majority and the French minority.

"Canada is still too large and too diverse for patriotism," says Desbarats, "that's why English-speaking Canadians work so hard at it. Quebec is still small enough, and the Québécois still enough of a family." It's the English patriotism that frightens this French family. Since the British forces seized the Plains of Abraham more than two centuries ago, French Canada has been forced into the underdog role. Really, the French-Canadians could do little to change elements of what many observers have seen as their static society—now Quebec nationalism has changed that in often overt and arrogant ways.

The book focuses on the character and political career of René Lévesque, controversial leader of the Parti Québécois (PQ), the party forming the government of that large Canadian province. René

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Lévesque's political ideas and alliances are surveyed admirably in the volume, some in minute detail. The reader sees Lévesque, one-time journalist, employed by the US Office of War Information, face WWII's broadening experience before returning to his native Quebec all the wiser. Later, this French-Canadian leader rose through the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's (CBC) ranks, becoming a leading TV personality before being catapulted into the political limelight by a CBC strike in the late '50s. René, never one to lose an opportunity, first went into politics as a member of the Liberal Party.

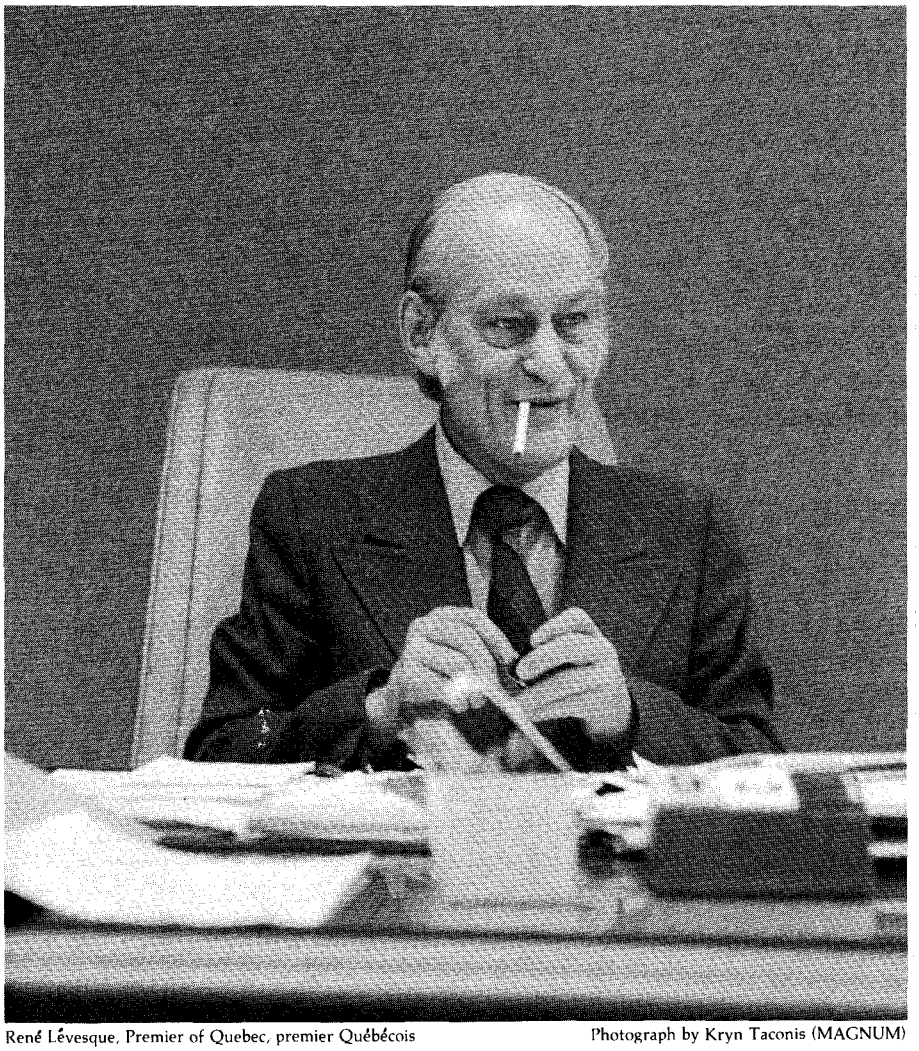
During the 1960s, Quebec was facing the "quiet revolution" within its society. Ideas were shaping Québécois awareness in ways that would have startled even elder French-Canadians. Desbarats makes the very noteworthy point that the Québécois seeing independence come to Africa, including French Algeria, had second thoughts concerning their own position. After all, the countries becoming independent were not nearly so developed as Quebec; Québécois saw themselves playing second fiddle in running their land's affairs.

The idea of Quebec's going it alone was nothing novel in the 1960s. Earlier in the century, in 1918, the possibility of separating from Canada was discussed officially in the legislature. Of course, talk and action were distinctly different as René Lévesque discovered in his early political endeavors. Not all French-Canadians were amenable to such drastic changes.

The book offers an interesting insight into the characters that shaped Canada's history within the Quebec context—the statesmen Laurier, Lesage, Bourassa and others. The personality of Canada's present Prime Minister, Pierre Trudeau, is nicely covered. Desbarats illustrates the point well by showing Trudeau as the upper-class scholar as against Lévesque, the middle-class boy from the Gaspé. One can trace the widening gap in the French-Canadian intellectual community as Desbarats takes special care to depict the early events of the 1960s, the time when Lévesque was molded into the politician he is today. "In 1956, Trudeau had written that the 'renewal of democracy in our province ought to originate outside the existing parties.'" Apparently, it is clear now that René was listening.

After a long and successful stint in the Liberal Party in the 1960s, Lévesque had shown the Québécois that he was a flexible, innovative and fast-moving politician. One could say that he was and still is a Social Democrat in the West-European sense as shown by his economic policies. In 1962, Lévesque presided over the nationalization of Hydro-Quebec, the gigantic power combine, in a move that ensured that Québécois would be "masters of their own house" and not controlled by the English financial community. However, Lévesque does not follow the line of complete socialization as a look at contemporary Quebec, to be fair, shows far less state control than in most other parts of Canada.

After breaking with the Liberals in 1967, Lévesque presided over the birth of the Mouvement Souveraineté-association (MSA) later to evolve into the Parti Québécois (PQ). Desbarats writes that up until Lévesque's commitment to separatism, "Separatist organizations had ranged from dangerous and disreputable to barely respectable." Lévesque changed the aura of a movement that had tinges of terrorism and



René Lévesque, Premier of Quebec, premier Québécois

Photograph by Kryn Taconis (MAGNUM)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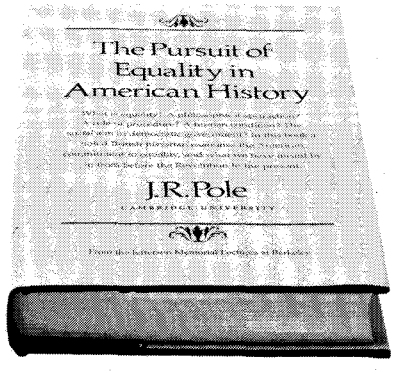


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Anglophobia as its mainstays. Lévesque was always above the radicals who at times were seen as the majority of separatists. He consistently soundly rejected terrorism in Quebec. Trudeau once described the separatist movement on the whole as the expression of "the profound insecurity and ancient fears" of French-Canadians.

The PQ has become a respectable organization; much of this respect can be credited to Lévesque. Naturally though, the entire issue of a "separate" state carved from Canada is certain to produce very warranted fears. English Canada's memories of the acts committed by the terrorist fringe of separatism as late as October 1970 are not and should not be forgotten. With the PQ in power in Quebec, such old fears and antagonisms naturally arise anew. As the author states, "The idea of René Lévesque negotiating the future of Canada with Pierre Trudeau is too far in the future to be anything but wildly speculative—but how potent that prospect is!"

This book on Lévesque then gives one a deep insight into the workings of this former TV journalist who now runs his own political show. But since complexity is the rule in certain parts of the volume a dose of Canadian history is recommended for total understanding. To comprehend the fabric of contemporary Quebec separatism and the man who makes it a reality, *René-Canadian in Search of a Country* is on the reading list for Québécois, English-Canadians and Americans who would enjoy a somewhat novel look at the politics of our northern neighbor.

**John Metzler**

*John Metzler* is a journalist specializing in international affairs.

## The Writing of Canadian History: Aspects of English-Canadian Historical Writing: 1900-1970 by Carl Berger

(Oxford University Press; $12.95)

Generations of American historians have endured the taunts of their peers in European history that the United States is too young a nation to have a genuine history. Although generally more amused than hurt by these taunts, American historians have nevertheless often become quite defensive about their work as a result of them. Even the many recent advances in American history, advances outlined by David Hackett Fischer in these pages (*TNR*, December 3, 1977), have not entirely eliminated a mild sense of inferiority among some American historians toward their counterparts in European history.

By contrast, Canadian historians have suffered even greater condescension, and at the hands of not only European historians but also American ones. Since Canadian nationhood dates to only 1867, non-Canadians frequently ask, how can Canada have a national history? And is not Canada's pre-national history, they often inquire, actually a part of British Imperial history? If it is too much to expect that the current Canadian crisis over possible Quebec independence will prompt many Americans to study Canadian history, it should demonstrate to at least those concerned enough to examine the origins of the crisis that Canada *has* a history.

Apart from textbooks, an appropriate starting point for beginning students of Canadian history might well be Carl Berger's investigation of English-Canadian historical writing. A University of Toronto history professor, Berger offers considerably more than a pedestrian exercise in historiography. To be sure, he discusses the professionalization of history in Canada in the late 19th and early 20th centuries: the establishment of graduate programs, professional associations, and scholarly journals, all of which sprang up in the United States in the same period. Likewise does he discuss the various leading interpretations of Canadian history—political, economic, environmental, and so on—which arose as a consequence of the professionalization process and the search for underlying themes in that history.

What makes Berger's book outstanding, however—and what makes it a worthy companion to John Higham's *History: The Development of Historical Studies in the United States* (1965)—is his overriding concern with the national and international contexts, with events in the "real world," in which Canadian history advanced after 1900. He relates these professional changes and historical debates to the various conceptions of Canada as a nation and as a member of the world of nations which were held by not just these historians but their


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countrymen as well. "Written history," he rightly contends, "represents a self-conscious effort to establish the meaning of experience for the present and is subtly and unpredictably coloured by the milieu in which the historian lives."

The historians whom Berger treats were all born before 1914. They are, in chronological order, George Wrong, Adam Shortt, Chester Martin, Harold Innis, Arthur Lower, Frank Underhill, Donald Creighton, and William Morton. Some American readers may be familiar with Innis as the inspiration for Marshall McLuhan's work on communications; indeed, as the originator of the theories McLuhan popularized—without, it has been suggested, adequate appreciation of their source. But presumably few Americans are familiar with Innis's earlier, more purely historical work, much less with the work of these other historians—several of whom, ironically, wrote the text books that most influenced generations of Canadian schoolchildren.

Berger shows conclusively that all these historians "have been nationalists of various hues." In so doing he confirms a proposition made by countless other historians in different contexts: that "sometimes their judgments about what was central to the past and what was peripheral arose as much from divergent conceptions of nationality as from disagreements about interpretations of the same evidence." As Canada matured politically and economically after 1900, became increasingly independent of Britain and increasingly involved in world affairs, these historians were not unmoved. Almost none was able to refrain from some kind of public commentary, especially upon such major events as the two world wars and the international depression which separated them. Their lack of resistance undermines a distinction Berger draws in his opening chapter on Wrong and Shortt and tries to apply throughout his book: that between the historian as moral critic, as with Wrong, and as dispassionate recorder of facts, as with Shortt.

Whatever their stances on current affairs, in their scholarly pursuits all of these historians not only treated the question of Canadian national identity but also composed innovative answers to that question. All were "revisionist" historians working "on the creative edge of historical writing." In addition to varying emphases among them on the relative importance of geography, economics, politics, social relations, and culture, they differed sharply over the relative importance of Canadian relations with Britain and the United States.

The admission of British or especially American domination was, of course, often painful. Yet paradoxically these admissions were deemed a necessary part of the search for national identity, for the determination of what made Canada unique. Indeed, observes Berger, the result as well as the cause of these historical inquiries was cultural insularity. For they at once reflected and intensified a virtual obsession with Canadian identity. Paradoxically again, this quest for national identity, a quest undertaken by countless American historians since colonial times, did not prevent certain of these Canadian historians from adopting—all too literally—interpretations of American history of several contemporary American historians: most notably, the frontier thesis of Frederick Turner and the economic conflict thesis of Charles Beard.

This very charge of insularity might ironically be applied to Berger himself, and on two grounds: his exclusion of all French-Canadian historians and of English-Canadian regional and local historians. Berger is hardly unaware of the contributions of these excluded scholars. But he feels compelled, in the one case, to acknowledge the traditional scholarly as well as political and cultural divisions between what he calls the two "language traditions," and in the other case, to restrict himself to those (English-Canadian) historians who treated the issue of national identity explicitly. That Berger, in the first case, laments the conscious indifference of most English-Canadian and French-Canadian historians to each other's work—and so to each other's history—is nevertheless a less than satisfactory explanation of his own prolongation of this long-standing gulf between them. That, in the second case, he confesses the regional orientation of some of his otherwise nationalist historians and its impact upon their national histories suggests that he might have paid greater attention to several regional and local historians whose work did, after all, lay the ground work for those same national histories.

Berger might, finally, be faulted on a third ground: his exclusion of the many prominent Canadian historians born after 1914 and now in the forefront of Canadian history as the elders he treats retire and die. Once again he is aware of the contributions of historians he has chosen to leave out, here for reasons of space and coherence. He might nevertheless have emphasized the ways in which younger Canadian historians are revising their revisionist mentors: not only in greater methodological sophistication but, more important, in greater concern for the roles of regionalism and especially class, ethnicity, and sex rather than nationalism in the formation of Canadian society. The work of these younger scholars has been summarized in articles by H.J. Hanham (*Canadian Historical Review*, March 1977) and Ramsay Cook (*Historical Reflections*, Summer 1977).

It is a final paradox that just when Canadian history—and its French wing as well as its English—has reached intellectual maturity, Canadian nationhood is threatened with dissolution. Whether contemporary Canadian historians will prove any more successful than their predecessors in treating the past on its own terms and in not appropriating it to present needs, remains, as Berger would agree, unpredictable.

**Howard Segal**

*Howard Segal*, an American historian, is Killam Post Doctoral Fellow in History at Dalhousie University.


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**Correspondence,** *from page 3*

House Ways and Means Committee about the bill. If the tuition tax credit legislation passed, he said, substantially more money would go to nonpublic schools than to public schools, "and you [Congress] would turn the tradition of the American system [of public education] on its ear."

*Kim Yelton*
*Silver Spring, Maryland*

## The Dulles tradition

*To the editors:*

One gets the feeling after reading John Kenneth Galbraith's review of Leonard Mosley's book on the Dulles family network (*TNR*, Mar. 18), that not much has changed in American diplomacy since those Cold War days.

After all, the Dulles brothers were eventually replaced by the brothers Bundy, who, if Vietnam proves anything, had "a capacity for truly spectacular misjudgment" at least equivalent to that of Foster and Allen Dulles. The Bundy brothers were also products of the same "Eastern establishment," then centered on the Council on Foreign Relations, which produced the Dulleses and continues to produce men "able to affirm in a knowledgeable and reliably repetitive way the current cliches on American security needs. . . ."

Moreover, in the area of "self-serving competence" matched by "political and bureaucratic" skills, certainly Henry Kissinger was at least on a par with Foster Dulles.

And now, as Tad Szulc points out in his article in the same issue on the SALT talks, "Carter's SALT Mines," Jimmy Carter is surrounded by advisers such as Zbigniew Brzezinski, who are obsessed with the same confrontationist view of Soviet-American relations which previously afflicted the brothers Dulles.

So, perhaps it is unfair of Mr. Galbraith to imply that the Dulles era was an exceptional "historical misfortune." Certainly, those intimates of Mr. Galbraith, the Kennedy/Johnson era advisers, had at least as disastrous an impact on the United States as did the Dulles brothers, and, who knows what the legacy of the Carter administration will be.

*Jim Khatami*
*New York, New York*

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# Washington Diarist

## The Elite Meet

**As an aficionado** of commissions, advisory panels and similar wastes of time, I was especially impressed by a recent Twentieth Century Fund Task Force on electoral college reform, which produced its report in a flury of press releases one day last month. This endeavor combined two uniquely valuable ingredients: a "problem" that is neither capable of solution nor in urgent need of one, and Arthur Schlesinger Jr. The rest of the member list was workmanlike but not spectacular (a B+ list, I'd say). The neatly symmetrical co-chairmen were Jeane Kirkpatrick, "resident scholar" at the American Enterprise Institute, and Stephen Hess, "senior fellow" at the Brookings Institution, both of whom devote their lives to this sort of thing. There were three journalists, now *de rigeur* for these affairs, plus pollster Pat Caddell, and Jill Ruckelshaus, a token woman, wife of etc., and "political activist." The Twentieth Century Fund on several occasions over the last few months flew these people into New York, put them up at the Westbury and paid them $100-a-day honoraria, for the benefit of their wisdom on the electoral college. At some point, the group made the tactical error of coming to a conclusion, rather than urging creation of a permanent commission to study the problem further. They were flown into Washington to reveal their solution at the Hay-Adams hotel: the electoral vote system should be maintained, but the national popular vote winner should get 102 "bonus" votes on top of the ones available under the current system. Now they want a constitutional amendment. But who has that kind of energy? When someone dreamed up this project last summer, the electoral college seemed like a pretty hot topic. The Twentieth Century Fund's tragedy is that all this time these very same people could have been pondering the Panama Canal.

**At least the conclusion** of this panel frees up Stephen Hess, Jill Ruckelshaus, *et al* for a new panel. The Twentieth Century Fund itself has two in the works: one on "the international flow of news," bringing journalists from all over the world to discuss this alleged dilemma and (according to a Fund spokesman) "go beyond the rhetoric"; and another on presidential television debates. But the Twentieth Century Fund has no monopoly on this sort of thing. President Carter himself, according to the *Times* of March 23, "told 300 cheering women at a White House reception . . . that he would establish an interagency panel to further the aims of women." According to another recent *Times* article, deploring the decline in foreign language instruction: "At present, that neglect is so serious that President Carter is considering the creation of a special Presidential commission to come up with recommendations to the academic community and to the Federal Government." Now that *is* serious. I hope George Ball is available.

**Nothing else aids the solemn deliberation** of a non-problem as effectively as an opinion poll. Something called the National Center for State Courts hired Daniel Yankelovich to survey public attitudes toward state courts. Sure enough, their darkest fears were confirmed: "most people [said the *Times* report on this survey] are either uninformed or misinformed about the operations of courts and . . . public confidence in state and local courts is extremely low." This story interested me because I was one of the pollees. For an hour I was badgered with questions about how I would rank—from "1" to "5"—my confidence in my state courts and my local courts; my knowledge about my courts; my degree of interaction with my courts; etc. I tried to explain that we have just one set of non-federal courts in the District of Columbia, that I have had no interaction with them, know next to nothing about them and have no strong feelings about them. No doubt I contributed to Mr. Yankelovich's alarmed conclusion that the public can't tell its courts apart. "This is simultaneously a result of scarce knowledge and an obstacle to improved understanding of courts," the survey report opines. But what does it matter whether people know one court from another? Why should everyone have to generate an attitude of confidence, or even lack of confidence, in state courts? The National Center for State Courts paid Yankelovich $150,000 for this survey, out of a $200,000 grant it received from something called the National Institute of Law Enforcement and Criminal Justice, which gets its money from the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, which gets its money from the Justice Department, which gets its money from you and me. The grant also will pay for a task force to follow up on the survey and make recommendations. Chairman of this one is Fred Friendly, who needs no introduction to connoisseurs of highmindedness, having spent the past decade thinking good thoughts about public television and having jumped early onto the "media responsibility" bandwagon.

**Sixty Minutes** last Sunday carried a typically breathless exposé of diploma mills in California. The segment showed CBS producers and other patently unlikely types being awarded advanced degrees for nothing more than the payment of a check. After each such outrage we would cut to Mike Wallace doing his incredulous number at a California state education official ("Do you mean to tell me . . . ?!?!?"), eliciting the shocking confession that California does almost nothing to regulate the granting of diplomas. Any institution with $50,000 in assets and a statement of educational purpose can grant any kind of degree it wishes to anyone who walks in the door. Mike Wallace never made clear what he objects to about this arrangement. Why should the state participate in the gigantic conspiracy in restraint of trade that is formal education? By devaluing degrees, these diploma mills may force employers and others to rely on more realistic methods of judging people and also free up the human resources now wasted chasing after those little initials.

**The absurd waste** of human brainpower—and taxpayer dollars—caused by degree-chasing and conference-attending come together in the career of a current figure in the news, Murdock Head, MD, JD, DDS. A doctor, a lawyer *and* a dentist, Dr. Head practices none of these learned professions. Instead he runs a large estate and conference center called the Airlie Foundation, out in the Virginia horse country south of Washington. He put together an impressive board of trustees, then went into business hustling grants from the government for studies, conferences, panels, the usual. Head now stands accused of hustling too hard, by having greased the palms of congressmen with cash rather than the usual junkets and flattery. It's a pity, because the Virginia countryside is turning green and a nice conference out at Airlie on morality in government would be just the thing.

**M.E.K.**



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# A Literary Harvest.

## Here are the 35 nominees, in seven categories, for The 1978 National Book Awards.

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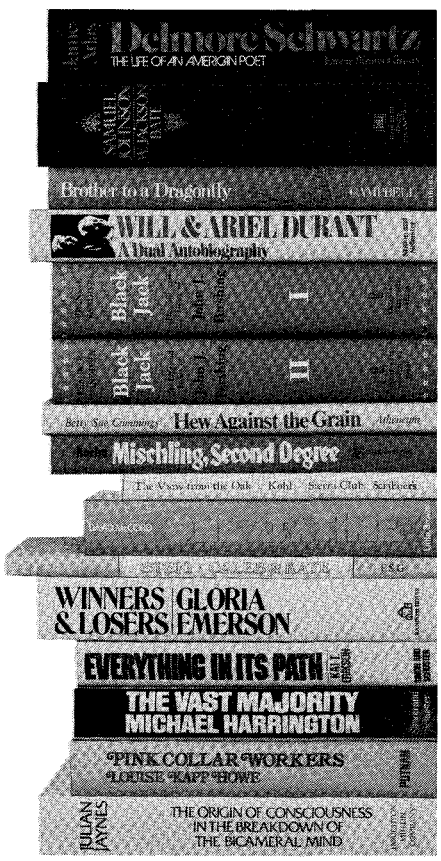
**James Atlas**/Delmore Schwartz/ Farrar, Straus & Giroux
**W. Jackson Bate**/ Samuel Johnson/ Harcourt Brace Jovanovich
**Will D. Campbell**/Brother to a Dragonfly/Continuum/Seabury
**Will & Ariel Durant**/A Dual Autobiography/Simon & Schuster
**Frank E. Vandiver**/Black Jack/ Texas A&M Univ. Press

**Children's Literature**

**Betty Sue Cummings**/Hew Against the Grain/Atheneum
**Ilse Koehn**/Mischling, Second Degree/Greenwillow/Morrow
**Judith & Herbert Kohl**/ The View from the Oak/ Sierra Club/Scribner's
**David McCord**/One At A Time/ Little, Brown
**William Steig**/Caleb & Kate/ Farrar, Straus & Giroux

**Contemporary Thought**

**Gloria Emerson**/Winners & Losers/Random House
**Kai T. Erikson**/Everything In Its Path/Simon & Schuster
**Michael Harrington**/The Vast Majority/Simon & Schuster
**Louise Kapp Howe**/Pink Collar Workers/G.P. Putnam's Sons
**Julian Jaynes**/The Origin Of Consciousness In The Breakdown Of The Bicameral Mind/ Houghton Mifflin



**Fiction**

**Robert Coover**/The Public Burning/The Viking Press/ A Richard Seaver Bk.
**Peter De Vries**/Madder Music/ Little, Brown
**James Alan McPherson**/Elbow Room/Atlantic/Little, Brown
**John Sayles**/Union Dues/ Atlantic/Little, Brown
**Mary Lee Settle**/Blood Tie/ Houghton Mifflin

**History**

**Henry Steele Commager**/ The Empire of Reason/ Anchor Press/Doubleday
**Robert J. Donovan**/Conflict and Crisis/W. W. Norton
**Joseph Kastner**/A Species Of Eternity/Alfred A. Knopf
**David McCullough**/The Path Between the Seas/Simon & Schuster
**Fritz Stern**/Gold and Iron/ Alfred A. Knopf

**Poetry**

**Marvin Bell**/Stars Which See, Stars Which Do Not See/Atheneum
**Michael S. Harper**/Images of Kin/ Univ. of Illinois Press
**Barbara Howes**/A Private Signal/ Wesleyan Univ. Press
**Howard Nemerov**/The Collected Poems/Univ. of Chicago Press
**Charles Simic**/Charon's Cosmology/George Braziller

**Translation**

**Robert M. Adams**/Niccolo Machiavelli's, The Prince/ W. W. Norton & Co.
**David Lapeza**/Vladimir Voinovich's, The Ivankiad/ Farrar, Straus & Giroux
**Burton Watson**/Ryokan: Zen Monk-Poet of Japan/ Columbia Univ. Press
**William Weaver**/Elsa Morante's History, A Novel/Alfred A. Knopf
**Richard & Clara Winston**/ Uwe George's, In The Deserts Of This Earth/Harcourt Brace Jovanovich

## Awards to be presented at Carnegie Hall, on April 12, 1978.

# The 1978 National Book Awards

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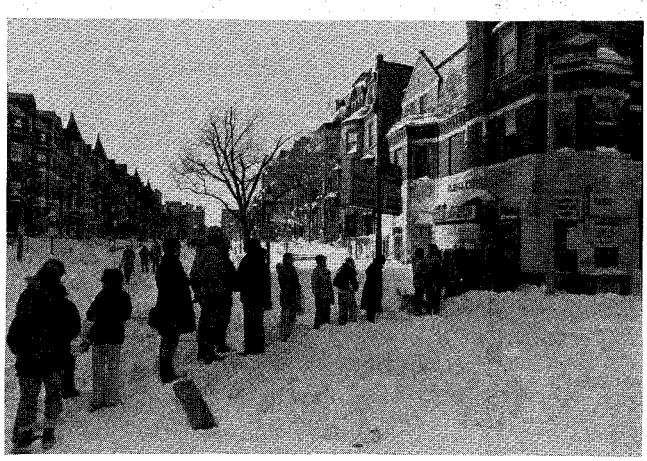

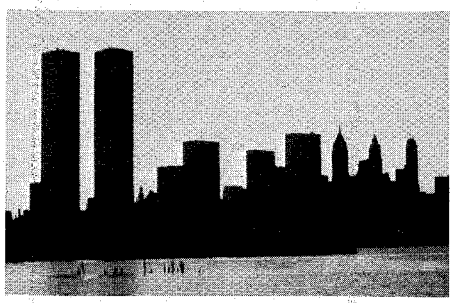

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